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THE VAULT OF THE PRINCES.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHUBART.]

And here they lie—these ashes of proud princes,
Once clad in proud array.

Here lie their bones, in the melancholy glimmer
Of the pale dying day.

And their old coffins from the vault are gleaming,
Like rotten timber, side by side,
And silver family shields are faintly beaming—
Their last display of pride!

Here vanity, reclining on a bier,
Looks out from hollow sockets still;
Quenched are the fiery balls that from these skulls
Could look and kill.

Here marble angels weep beside their urns,
Cold tears of stone for aye—
The Italian sculptor (*smiling all the while*)
Carved out their false array.

The mighty hand is but a mouldering bone
That once held life and death—
See that frail breast bone, heaving once so high
Bright stars and gold beneath!

O wake them not, but let them soundly sleep;
For cruel was their reign,
But scare you ravens, lest their croakings wake
Watherich to life again.

O wake them not—the scourges of their race—
Earth has for them no room—
Soon, soon enough will over them be rattling
The thunders of their doom!

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE WARRIOR-SAINTS—ST. LONGINUS, ST. GEORGE, ST. MAURICE, ST. SEBASTIAN, AND OTHERS.

Legendary story commemorates not less than five hundred military saints and martyrs, the greater number of which are obscure, known only by name, or of merely local interest; but about twenty out of the list may be selected as illustrious and popular throughout Christendom, representing in Art the sanctity and the chivalry of the Middle Ages, and forming, altogether, a most interesting and important group. Of these St. George and St. Sebastian are familiar to us, and easily recognized. The others require some study both of History and Art to discriminate them; and this is the more necessary as they are of constant recurrence, and bear a general resemblance to each other in the mode of representation. The attributes in most cases are the same: the cuirass, sword and shield, with the banner of victory, which, in these saints, frequently supersedes the palm and the crown of martyrdom.

We will begin with the earliest recorded. St. Longinus is the name given in the legends to the Centurion who is mentioned in the Gospel as having been present at the Crucifixion. He it was who pierced the side of our Saviour, and who, on seeing the wonders and omens which accompanied his death, exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God!" Thus he became involuntarily the first of the Gentiles who acknowledged the divine mission of Christ. It is related that, shortly after he had uttered these words, he placed his hands, stained with the blood of our Lord, before his eyes; and immediately a great imperfection and weakness in his sight, which had afflicted him for many years, was healed; and he turned away repentant, and sought the Apostles, by whom he was baptized and received into the Church of Christ. Afterwards he retired to Caesarea, and dwelt there for twenty-eight years, converting numbers to the Christian faith; but at the end of that time he was seized by order of the governor, and ordered to sacrifice to the false gods. St. Longinus not only refused, but being impatient to receive the crown of martyrdom, he assured the governor, who was blind, that he would recover his sight only after putting him to death. Accordingly, the governor commanded that he should be beheaded, and immediately his sight was restored; and he also became a Christian; but St. Longinus was received into eternal glory, being "the first-fruits of the Gentiles."

This wild legend, which is of great antiquity, was early repudiated by the Church; it remained, however, popular among the people; and it is necessary to keep it in mind, in order to understand the significance given to the figure of the Centurion in most of the ancient pictures of the Crucifixion. Sometimes he is gazing up at the Saviour with an expression of adoration; sometimes his hands are clasped in devotion; sometimes he is seen wringing his hands, as one in an agony of grief and repentance.

Some relics, said to be those of St. Longinus, were brought to Mantua, in the eleventh century, and he has since been revered as one of the patron saints of that city. When introduced into pictures or sculpture, either as a single figure, or grouped with other saints, St. Longinus wears the habit of a Roman soldier, and carries a lance or spear in his hand. For the chapel dedi-

* I have avoided to enter on disputed points, because of such there is no end; but it may be interesting to observe here, that, although it remains undecided whether the Centurion Longinus, or the Centurion Cornelius (Acts x. 48.) was first baptized, to the former is allowed, in legendary story, the honour of being the first convert.

cated to him in the Church of St. Andrea, at Mantua, Giulio Romano painted a famous Nativity, in which the saint is standing on one side. This picture, once in possession of our Charles I., is now in the Louvre. In the Madonna della Vittoria, painted by Mantegna for Federico Gonzago, and also in the Louvre, St. Longinus stands behind, on the left of the Virgin, in a Roman helmet, and distinguished by his tall lance.

We have, next, that illustrious Patron Saint of Chivalry, the Champion of England, and hero of "The Faerie Queene," St. George. His legend came to us from the East; where, under various forms, as Apollo and the Python, as Bellerophon and the Chimera, as Perseus and the Sea-monster, we see perpetually recurring the mythic allegory by which was figured the conquest achieved by beneficent power over the tyranny of wickedness. At an early period we find this time consecrated myth transplanted into Christendom, and assuming, by degrees, a peculiar colouring in conformity with the spirit of a martial and religious age, until the classical demi-god, appears before us, transformed into that doughty slayer of the dragon and redresser of woman's wrongs, Saint George.

Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

But our business here is not with the origin of the legend, but with the legend itself, as accepted by the people and the artists of the Middle Ages.

St. George was a native of Cappadocia, living in the time of the Emperor Diocletian. He was of noble Christian parents, and a tribune in the army. It is related that, in travelling to join his legion he came to a certain city in Libya called Selene. The inhabitants of this city were in great trouble and consternation in consequence of the ravages of a monstrous dragon, which issued from a neighbouring lake or marsh, and devoured the flocks and herds of the people, who had taken refuge within the walls. To prevent him from approaching the city, the air of which was poisoned by his pestiferous breath, they offered him daily two sheep, and when the sheep were exhausted, they were forced to sacrifice to him two of their children daily, to save the rest. The children were taken by lot (all under the age of fifteen); and the whole city was filled with mourning, with the lamentations of bereaved parents and the cries of the innocent victims.

Now the king of this city had one daughter, exceedingly fair, and her name was Cleodolinda. And after some time, when many people had perished, she fell upon her, and the monarch, in his despair, offered all his gold and treasures, and even the half of his kingdom, to redeem her; but the people murmured, saying, "Is this just, O King! that thou, by thine own edict, hast made us desolate, and behold, now thou wouldst withhold thine own child!"—and they waxed more and more wroth, and they threatened to burn him in his palace unless the princess was delivered up. Then the king submitted and asked only a delay of eight days to bewail her fate, which was granted; and at the end of eight days, the princess, being clothed in her royal robes, was led forth as a victim for sacrifice, and she fell at her father's feet and asked his blessing, saying that she was ready to die for her people; and then, amid tears and lamentations, she was put forth, and the gates shut against her. Slowly she walked towards the dwelling of the dragon, the path being drearily strewn with the bones of former victims, and she wept as she went on her way. Now, at this time, St. George was passing by, mounted on his good steed; and, being moved to see so beautiful a virgin in tears, he paused to ask her why she wept, and she told him. And he said, "Fear not for I will deliver you!" and she replied, "O noble youth! tarry not here, lest thou perish with me, but fly, I beseech thee!" But St. George would not; and he said, "God forbid that I should fly! I will lift my hand against this loathly thing, and will deliver thee through the power of Jesus Christ!" At that moment the monster was seen emerging from his lair, and half crawling, half flying towards them. Then the virgin princess trembled exceedingly and cried out, "Fly, I beseech thee, brave knight, and leave me here to die!" But he answered not; only making the sign of the Cross and calling on the name of the Redeemer, he spurred towards the dragon, and, after a terrible and prolonged combat, he pinned him to the earth with his lance. Then he desired the princess to bring her girdle; and he bound the dragon fast, and gave the girdle to her hand, and the subdued monster crawled after them like a dog. In this guise they approached the city. The people being greatly terrified, St. George called out to them, saying,—"Fear nothing; only believe in the God through whose might I have conquered this adversary, and be baptized, and I will destroy him before your eyes." So the king and his people believed, and were baptized,—twenty thousand people in one day. Then St. George slew the dragon, and cut off his head; and the king bestowed great rewards and treasures on the victorious knight; but he distributed all to the poor, and kept nothing, and went on his way, and came to Palestine. At that time the edict of the Emperor Diocletian against the Christians was published, and it was affixed to the gates of the temples, and in the public markets; and men read it with terror, and hid their faces; but St. George, when he saw it, was filled with indignation, and the spirit of courage from on high came upon him, and he tore it down, and trampled it under his feet. Whereupon he was seized, and carried before Dacian, the proconsul, and condemned to suffer during eight days the most cruel tortures; and when they believed that they had subdued him by the force of tortments, they brought him to the temple to assist at the sacrifice, and the people ran in crowds to behold his humiliation, and the priests mocked him. But St. George knelt down and prayed, and thunder and lightning from heaven fell upon the temple, and destroyed it and the idols; and the priests and many people perished also. Then Dacian, seized with rage and terror, commanded that the Christian knight should be beheaded,—which was done. He received the glorious crown of martyrdom on the 23d day of April, 303.

St. George is particularly honoured in the Greek Church, where he is styled

the Great Martyr; and the reverence paid to him in the East is of such antiquity, that one of the first churches erected by Constantine, after his profession of Christianity, was in honour of St. George. His apocryphal legend was repudiated by Pope Gelasius, in 494; and after this time we do not hear much of him till the first Crusade, when the assistance he is said to have vouchsafed to Godfrey of Boulogne made his name as a military saint famous throughout Europe. The particular veneration paid to him in England dates from the time of Richard I., who, in the wars in Palestine, placed himself and his army under the especial protection of St. George. In 1222 his Feast was ordered to be kept as a holiday throughout England; and the institution of the Order of the Garter, in 1330, seems to have completed his inauguration as our patron saint.

The representations of St. George may be divided into three classes:—I. Single figures, as patron saint; or, grouped with other saints, in the Madonna pictures. II. The subject called "St. George and the Dragon." III. The Martyrdom of St. George.

In the single figures, St. George is usually represented young, and with a martial and triumphant air. He is in complete armour; sometimes it is the habit of a Roman soldier, sometimes that of a knight of romance: he has a lance in his hand, from which occasionally floats a white banner, bearing the red cross; the dragon is beneath his feet. Such figures in some of the old Italian pictures are often of exquisite beauty, combining in the air and expression the victorious warrior and the martyr-saint. Among the most celebrated single figures of St. George must be mentioned the fine statue, by Donatello at Florence. He is in complete armour, but bare-headed, leaning on his shield, which displays the Cross;—no other attribute or emblem. The noble, tranquil, serious dignity of this figure admirably expresses the Christian warrior. It is so exactly the conception of Spenser, that it immediately suggests his lines:—

Upon his shield the bloodie cross was scored,
For sovereign help, which in his need he had.
Right faithful true he was, in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seem too solemn sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

As a signal example of a wholly different feeling and treatment, may be mentioned the St. George in Correggio's "Madonna di San Giorgio," at Dresden: here his habit is that of a Roman soldier; his attitude bold and martial; and, turning to the spectator with a look of radiant triumph, he sets his foot on the head of the vanquished dragon.

In the single figure it is not always easy to distinguish St. George from St. Michael, who has likewise the armour, the lance, the banner, and the dragon under his feet; but he has generally the angel's wings: and when these are omitted, which is seldom, we must look to the expression of the figure and the intention of the painter in order to discriminate between the Archangel and the Saint. On this subject I shall have to enlarge when treating of the arch-angels.

In the subject, called familiarly *St. George and the Dragon*, we must be careful to distinguish between the emblem and the action. When we have merely the figure of St. George in the act of vanquishing the dragon,—as in the insignia of the Order of the Garter, on coins, in the carvings of old Gothic churches, in ancient stained glass, &c.,—it is an emblem signifying the victory of faith or holiness over sin and death. But where St. George is seen as combatant, and the issue of the combat yet undecided; where accessories are introduced, as the walls of the city in the background, crowded with anxious spectators, or the Princess, praying with folded hands for her deliverer,—it is clearly a scene, an incident. In the former instance, the treatment should be simple, ideal, sculptural; in the latter, picturesque, dramatic, fanciful.

There are two little pictures by Raphael which may be cited as signal examples of the two styles of treatment. The first, which is in the Louvre, is a serenely elegant and purely allegorical conception, represents St. George as the Christian warrior, combating with spiritual arms, and assured of conquest; for thus he sits upon his milk-white steed, and with such a serene and even careless scorn prepares to strike off the head of the writhing monster beneath. Very different, as a conception, is the second picture, in which St. George figures as the champion of England.* Here he is rushing on the dragon as one who must conquer or die, and transfixes the monster with his lance. The rescued princess is seen in the background.

As an instance of the same scene differently treated, I may refer to the Tintoretto, in the National Gallery: here the princess, who is in front, seems to wish, yet dreads to look round.

Sometimes the dragon is already overcome, as in the spirited sketch by Tintoretto, at Hampton Court, in which St. George has bound the monster, and the Princess Cleodolinda, holds one end of the girdle†. The same scene, but more dramatic and picturesque in treatment, we find in the Queen's Gallery, painted by Rubens, for our Charles I. In this the saintly legend is exhibited as a scene in a melodrama, and made the vehicle for significant and not inappropriate flattery. The scene is a rich landscape, representing in the background a distant view of the Thames, and Windsor Castle as it then stood. Near the centre is St. George, with his right foot on the neck of the vanquished dragon, presenting to the daughter of the king of Selene—the fair Princess Cleodolinda—the end of the girdle which she had given him to bind the monster: the saint and the princess are portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Nearer to the spectator, on the left, is a group of four females, bewailing the ravages of the beast, exhibited in the dead bodies lying near them, and from the sight of which, two infants recoil with horror. Behind, the squire of the saintly knight is seen mounted and armed cap-à-pie, and bearing his banner with the red cross; a page holds his horse; beyond them is seen a group of persons on a high bank, and others mounted on trees, who survey the scene; and on the other side, three females, who are embracing each other, and, as the French catalogue has it, "témoignent par leur attitudes une frayeur mêlée de joie." Two angels from above descend with the palm and the laurel to crown the conqueror. The picture, like the St. George of Raphael, already mentioned, has to an Englishman a sort of national interest, being painted for one of our kings, in honour of our tutelary saint. After the death of Charles I. it was sold out of England, passed into the Orleans Gallery, was brought back to England in 1798, and subsequently purchased by George IV.

Some examples of the treatment of this subject by the early German painters are very curious: they conceived it wholly in the romantic and chivalrous spirit. We have the casque and floating plume, the twisted mail, the spurs, the long hair, the banner, the attendant squire. In an exquisite little print by

* Painted for a present from the Duke of Urbino to Henry VIII.: St. George has the Garter and motto round his knee.

† The Bishop introduced is St. Louis.

Lucas v. Leyden, the princess is wiping her eyes with the back of her hand; St. George comforts her, as we may see, with the gallant assurances of deliverance; the squire, in the background, holds his horse. In one of four prints by Albert Durer, he is standing with the red cross banner, and has a kind of net cap, such as the knights of the 15th century wore under the helmet; he has rather a long beard, and all the air of a veteran knight.

There is a beautiful modern bas-relief by Schwanthaler, in which St. George, with his foot on the dragon, is presenting the end of the girdle to the rescued princess.

Of the Martyrdom of St. George, there are several fine examples, but I do not know any of very early date. The leading idea is in all the same: he kneels and an executioner prepares to strike off his head with a sword. In the Church of San Giorgio, at Verona, I saw over the high altar this subject by Paul Veronese, treated in his usual gorgeous style. St. George, stripped to the waist, kneels to receive the blow: the Virgin in glory, with St. Peter and St. Paul, and a host of angels, appear in the opening heavens above. The composition by Rubens is very fine, and full of character. That by Van Dyck is exceedingly fine. The scene is a heathen temple, and St. George is about to be sacrificed to the false gods.

A saint, often confounded with St. George, is St. Maurice: and when St. George is not attended by his usual attribute, the dragon, he is only to be discriminated from St. Maurice by a careful examination of the general purport of the picture, and the locality for which it was painted. As the former is the patron of chivalry and military brotherhoods, so the latter is the patron of military men in general. Chapels and churches for the use of soldiers are more frequently dedicated to him than to any other saint.

The legend of St. Maurice and the Theban legion is of great antiquity, and has been so universally received as authentic, as to assume almost the importance and credibility of an historical fact: as early as the fourth century the veneration paid to the Theban martyrs had extended through Switzerland, France, Germany, and the north of Italy. The story is thus related:—

Among the legions which composed the Roman army, in the time of Diocletian and Maximian, was one styled the "Theban Legion," because levied originally in the Thebaid. The number of soldiers composing this corps was 6666, and all were Christians, as remarkable for their valour and discipline as for their piety and fidelity. This legion had obtained the title of *Felix*; it was commanded by an excellent Christian officer, a man of illustrious birth, whose name was Maurice, or Mauritius.

About the year 286, Maximian summoned the Theban legion from the East to reinforce the army, with which he was about to march into Gaul. The passage of the Alps being effected, some companies of the Theban legion were despatched to the Rhine; the rest of the army halted on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, where Maximian ordered a great sacrifice to the gods, accompanied by the games and ceremonies usual on such occasions. But Maurice and his Christian soldiers withdrew from these idolatrous rites, and retiring to a distance of about three leagues, they pitched their camp at a place called Aganum (now Saint-Maurice). Maximian insisted on obedience to his commands, at the same time making it known that the service for which he required their aid, was to extirpate the Christians, whose destruction he had sworn.

The Theban legion with one voice refused either to join in the idolatrous sacrifice or to be led against their fellow Christians; and the emperor, incensed, ordered the soldiers to be decimated. Those upon whom the lot fell repined as though they had been elected to a great honour; and their companions, who seemed less to fear than to emulate their fate, repeated their protest, and were a second time decimated. Their officers encouraged them to perish rather than yield; and when summoned for the third time, Maurice, in the name of his soldiers, a third time refused compliance. "O Caesar!" (it was thus he addressed the emperor), "we are thy soldiers, but we are also the soldiers of Jesus Christ. From thee we receive our pay, but from Him we have received eternal life. To thee we owe service, to Him obedience. We are ready to follow thee against the barbarians, but we are also ready to suffer death rather than renounce our faith or fight against our brethren." Thus he spoke, with the mild courage becoming the Christian warrior; but the cruel tyrant, unmoved by such generous heroism, ordered that the rest of the army should hem round the devoted legion, and that a general massacre should take place, leaving not one alive: and he was obeyed. If he expected resistance he found it not, neither in the victims nor the executioners. The Christian soldiers flung away their arms, and, in emulation of their Divine Master, resigned themselves as "sheep to the slaughter." Some were trampled down by the cavalry; some hung on trees and shot with arrows; some were killed with the sword. Maurice and others of the officers knelt down, and in this attitude their heads were struck off; thus they all perished.

Other companions of the Theban legion under the command of Gereon, reached the city of Cologne on the Rhine, where the Prefect Varus, by order of the emperor, required them either to forsake their faith or suffer death; and Gereon, with 50 (or as others tell, 318) of his companions, were accordingly put to death in one day, and their bodies were thrown into a pit;† and besides these many other soldiers of the Theban legion suffered martyrdom for the sake of Christ, so that their names form a long list; but St. Maurice and St. Gereon are the most memorable and the most honoured.

When introduced into pictures as Patron Saints, St. Maurice is usually habited in a complete armour; he bears the palm in one hand and a standard in the other. In the Italian pictures he is generally a Roman soldier. He stands on the left of the Virgin in Mantegna's famous Madonna della Vittoria, in the Louvre. In old German pictures he is often represented as a Moor, either in allusion to his name or his African origin. In a small full length figure by Hemskerk, he has a suit of black armour, with a crimson mantle, and bears on his shield and banner the Austrian eagle.

The scene of the martyrdom of the Theban legion is not a common subject, but there are some remarkable examples. In the Pitti Palace there is a picture by Pontorno, with numerous small figures exquisitely painted; but the conception is displeasing; a great number of the martyrs are crucified, and the figures are undraped. Another picture of the same subject, by the same painter, in the Florence Gallery, is equally displeasing and inappropriate

* Painted for the chapel of St. George at Liège, near Antwerp. I believe that the fine drawing by Rubens, in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, represents the same subject:—a woman is binding his eyes.

† In other versions of the story it is said that Gereon and his companions fled when the others were martyred; but this is inconsistent with the spirit of the legend, as given above.

† Notwithstanding the authority of Lanzi, the habit, the long hair, and the broken lance appear to me more in character with a St. George than a St. Maurice.

in treatment; the Christian soldiers are seen contending with their adversaries, which is contrary to the spirit and the tenor of the legend as handed down to us. In the Munich Gallery, upon two wings of an altar-piece, by Peter de Marés, we have, on one side, St. Maurice and his companions refusing to sacrifice to idols; and, on the other, St. Maurice, beheaded, while the Emperor Maximin looks on, mounted on a white horse: both pieces are very curious and expressive, and, though grotesque in the accessories, infinitely more true in feeling than the classical and elaborate pictures by Pontorno.

St. Gereon also wears the armour and carries the standard and the palm: sometimes he has the Emperor Maximin under his foot, to express the spiritual triumph of faith over tyranny. The celebrity of St. Gereon appears to be confined to that part of Germany which was the scene of his martyrdom: at Cologne there is a famous church dedicated to him; and he is frequently met with in the sculpture and stained glass of the old German churches. I have seen several remarkable paintings in which he is introduced; one, the famous old altar piece by Master Stephen of Cologne (1410), in which he is standing on one side in a suit of gilt armour and a blue mantle, attended by his companion martyrs, (his pendant on the other side is St. Ursula with her companions): the second instance is a fine old crucifixion by Bartholomew de Bruyn (about 1536), in the Munich Gallery, in which St. Gereon is standing on one side in armour, with his banner and shield, and a votary kneeling before him (here his pendant is St. Stephen): a third example is the 'St. Gereon and his Companions,' in the Moritzkapelle at Nuremberg; (here his pendant is St. Maurice with his companions). I remember no Italian picture in which St. Gereon is represented.

St. Sebastian must be reserved for the next essay.

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

The Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, in the canton of Berne, is one of those lofty seats of perennial snow which used to be considered as defying the foot of man to approach their summits. A few years ago, the Jungfrau, one of these peaks, was ascended by a party, including our countryman, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. More recently, three Swiss naturalists surmounted the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, leaving a flag flying on the summit, to the wonder of chamois hunters and guides. Since then—in the summer of the past year—a young English gentleman, named Speer, accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn, which, like the Shreckhorn, had been deemed utterly inaccessible. And this was the more remarkable as an enterprise, that it was performed fully a month earlier in the season than any other of the great ascents of the same character. Under the sanction of Mr. Speer, we here abridge a narrative of his adventure, which he drew up immediately after its conclusion, and which has already appeared in a periodical work of more limited circulation than the present.

Having first reached the Grimsel, a height of 6570 feet, on the southern slope of the great chain of the Bernese Alps, 'a conversation,' says Mr. Speer, 'was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer,) myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regarded the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily. Two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphand, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favourable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c. not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidehorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Bronliberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height: this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorn, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above sea level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure, unsullied surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other: the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived opposite the little hut constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible.

'We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our guide chef, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks.

'Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded, and the

yawning ones avoided as far as possible. These at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand: we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffled any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half-way to the knee; and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents; among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution: the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable barrier could scarcely be witnessed. It was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf below: he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the friendly aid, and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole: from this perilous position I was instantly rescued; and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col.

'The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet. The steepness of the Col being such, that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Mittelhorn, and Rorenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits, and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

'It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more terrifying, the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure,) our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak known as the Mittelhorn, which now towered above our heads; apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow.

To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in right good company, and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above: its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below; impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit: the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round, and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervaded the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the guide chef, considerably thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

'We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we per-

ceived the Panhorn and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brunig, together with the lakes of Lungenne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Right and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon—a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side: the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror; whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks the brilliant Viacherhorn next came into view, beyond which we discovered the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below, the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned, the river Lutchinen winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower; namely, to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gaulti, of Reufen, and of Rosenlani, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Tosenhorn, and Engelhorn.

Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlani through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold; although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surrounding the great glacier of Rosenlani. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at a junction of the glaciers of Rosenlani and Rufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorn. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish—the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling murets of the glacier of Rosenlani. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical, that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood. This at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath. We were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound: this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspired us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention; the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlani at five o'clock P.M. The passage over this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far famed Glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave more ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice which at every step appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail, whilst the pinnacles of ice rising overhead often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our pre-ent fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous. The extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight P.M. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlani were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forest, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of light soon became visible; and at nine P.M. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlani, where for several hours considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered by means of a powerful telescope. Four small dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

On the following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions during the previous eventful day I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows, though so hardy, were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions, namely, the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes, and, accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we crossed the Great Shideck, arriving at Interlaken the 10th of July.

MARLBOROUGH.—No. III.—[Continued.]

An event soon occurred which showed how wide-spread were the intrigues of the French in the Flemish towns, and how insecure was the foundation on which the authority of the Allies rested there. An accidental circumstance led to the discovery of the letter put into the post-office of Ghent, containing the whole particulars of a plan for admitting the French troops into the citadel of Antwerp. Vendome at the same time made a forward movement to take advantage of these attempts; but Marlborough was on his guard, and both frustrated the intended rising in Antwerp, and barred the way against the attempted advance of the French army. Disconcerted by the failure of this enterprise, Vendome moved to Soignies at the head of an hundred thousand men, where he halted at the distance of three leagues from the Allied armies. A great and decisive action was confidently expected in both armies; as, although Marlborough could not muster above eighty thousand combatants, it was well known he would not decline a battle, although he was not as yet sufficiently strong to assume the offensive. Vendome, however, declined attacking the Allies where they stood, and, filing to the right to Braine la Leude, close to the field of Waterloo, again halted in a position, threatening at once both Louvain and Brussels. Moving parallel to him, but still keeping on the defensive, Marlborough retired to Anderlecht. No sooner had he arrived there, than intelligence was received of a farther movement to the right on the part of the French general, which indicated an intention to make Louvain the object of attack. Without losing an instant, Marlborough marched on that very night with the utmost expedition, amidst torrents of rain, to Parc, where he established himself in such strong ground, covering Louvain, that Vendome, finding himself anticipated in his movements, fell back to Braine-la-Leude without firing a shot. [Marlborough's Despatches.]

Though Marlborough, however, had in this manner foiled the movement of the French general, he was in no condition to undertake offensive operations until the arrival of Eugene's army from the Moselle raised his force nearer to an equality with the preponderating masses of the enemy, headed by so able a general as Vendome. The usual delays, however, of the German powers, for long prevented this object being attained. For about a month Marlborough was retained in a state of forced inactivity from this cause, during which period he bitterly complained, "that the slowness of the German powers was such as to threaten the worst consequences." At length, however, the pressing representations of the English general, seconded by the whole weight of Prince Eugene, overcame the tardiness of the German Electors, and the army of the Moselle began its march towards Brabant. But the Prince was too far distant to bring up his troops to the theatre of active operations before decisive events had taken place; and fortunately for the glory of England, to Marlborough alone and to his army belongs the honour of one of the most decisive victories recorded in its annals.

Encouraged by his superiority of numbers, and the assurances of support he received from the malcontents in the Flemish towns, Vendome, who was both an able and enterprising general, put in execution, in the beginning of July, a design which he had long meditated, for the purpose of expelling the Allies from Brabant. This was by a sudden irruption to make himself master of Ghent, with several of the citizens of which he had established a secret correspondence. This city commands the course of the Scheldt and the Lys, and lay in the very centre of Marlborough's water communications; and as the fortifications of Oudenarde were in a very dilapidated state, it was reasonable to suppose that its reduction would speedily follow. The capture of these fortresses would at once break up Marlborough's communications, and sever the connecting link between Flanders and Brabant, so as to compel the English army to fall back to Antwerp and the line of the Scheldt, and thus deprive them of the whole fruits of the victory of Ramilies. Such was the able and well-conceived design of the French general, which promised the most brilliant results; and against a general less wary and able than Marlborough, unquestionably would have obtained them.

Vendome executed the first part of this design with vigour and success. On the evening of the 4th July he suddenly broke up from Braine la Leude, and marching rapidly all night, advanced towards Hall and Tubise, despatching, at the same time, parties towards such towns in that quarter as had maintained a correspondence with him. One of the parties, by the connivance of the watch, made itself master of Ghent. At the same time Bruges was surrendered to another party under the Count de la Motte; the small but important fort of Plasendaal was carried by storm, and a detachment sent to recover Ghent found the gates shut by the inhabitants, who had now openly joined the enemy, and invested the Allied garrison in the citadel.

Marlborough no sooner heard of this movement than he followed with his army; but he arrived in the neighbourhood of Tubise in time only to witness their passage of the Senne, near that place. Giving orders to his troops to prepare for battle, he put himself in motion at one next morning, intending to bring the enemy to an immediate action. The activity of Vendome, however, baffled his design. He made his men, weary as they were, march all night and cross the Dender at several points, breaking down the bridges between Alort and Oerdegum, and the Allies only arrived in time to make three hundred prisoners from the rearguard. Scarcely had they recovered from this disappointment, when intelligence arrived of the surprise of Ghent and Bruges; while at the same time, the ferment in Brussels, owing to the near approach of the French to that capital, became so great, that there was every reason to apprehend a similar disaster, from the disaffection of some of its inhabitants. The most serious apprehensions also were entertained for Oudenarde, the garrison of which was feeble, and its works dilapidated. Marlborough, therefore, dispatched instant orders to Lord Chandon, who commanded at Ath, to collect all the detachments he could from the garrisons in the neighbourhood, and throw himself into that fortress; and with such diligence were these orders executed, that Oudenarde was secured against a *coup de main*, before the French outposts appeared before it. Vendome, however, felt himself strong enough to undertake its siege in form. He drew his army round it; the investment was completed on the evening of the 9th, and a train of heavy artillery ordered from Tournay, to commence the siege, while he himself, with the covering army, took post in a strong camp at Lessines, on the river Dender.

Such was the chagrin experienced by Marlborough at these untoward events, that he was thrown in a fever, the result of fatigue, watching, and anxiety. His physician earnestly counselled him to leave the camp, and retire to Brussels, as the only means of arresting his distemper; but nothing could induce him to leave his post at such a crisis. He continued in his tent accordingly, and the orders were issued by Marshal Overkirk. He was greatly relieved on the 7th, by the arrival of Prince Eugene, who, finding his troops could not come up in time, had left his cavalry at Maestricht, and hastened in person though without any followers but his personal suite, to take a part in the ap-

proaching conflict. Great was the joy of Marlborough on learning the arrival of so illustrious a general; not a feeling of jealousy crossed the breast of either of these great men. His first words to Eugene were—"I am not without hopes of congratulating your Highness on a great victory; for my troops will be animated by the presence of so distinguished a commander." Eugene warmly approved the resolution he had taken of instantly attacking the enemy; and a council of war having been summoned, their united opinion prevailed over the objections of the Dutch deputies, who were now seriously alarmed for their barrier, and it was resolved to give battle to the enemy in his position in front of Oudenarde.

The Allies broke up at two in the morning of the 9th July, and advanced towards the French frontiers at Lessines in four great columns. So rapid and well ordered was the march, that before noon the heads of the columns reached Herfelingen, fourteen miles from Asche, whence they had started. Bridges were rapidly thrown over the Dender, and it was crossed early on the following morning in presence of Eugene and Marlborough, whom the animation of the great events in progress, had, in a manner, raised from the bed of sickness.* Here the duke halted, and the troops encamped in their order of march, with their right on the Dender and their front covered by a small stream which falls into that river. By this bold and rapid movement, Vendome's well concerted plan was entirely disconcerted; Marlborough had thrown himself between the French and their own frontier; he had rendered himself master of their communications; and instead of seeking merely to cover his own fortreffes, threatened to compel them to fall back, in order to regain their communications, and abandon the whole enterprise which had commenced with such prospects of success. Vendome was extremely disconcerted at this able movement, and he gave immediate orders to fall back upon Gavre, situated on the Scheldt below Oudenarde, where it was intended to cross that river.

No sooner was this design made manifest, than Marlborough followed with all his forces, with the double design of raising the investment of Oudenarde, and if possible forcing the enemy to give battle, under the disadvantage of doing so in a retreat. Anxious to improve their advantage, the Allied generals pushed forward with the utmost expedition, hoping to come up with the enemy when his columns and baggage were close upon the Scheldt, or in the very act of crossing that river. Colonel Cadogan, with a strong advance guard, was pushed forward by daybreak on the 11th towards the Scheldt, which he reached by eleven, and immediately threw bridges over, across which the whole cavalry and twelve battalions of foot were immediately thrown. They advanced to the summit of the plateau on the left bank of the river, and formed in battle array, the infantry opposite Eynes, the cavalry extending on the left towards Schaerken. Advancing slowly on in this regular array down the course of the river on its left bank, Cadogan was not long of coming in sight of the French rearguard under Biron, with whom he had some sharp skirmishing. Meanwhile, Marlborough and Eugene were pressing the passage at the bridges with all imaginable activity; but the greater part of their army had not yet got across. The main body was still half a league from the Scheldt, and the huge clouds of dust which arose from the passage of the artillery and carriages in that direction, inspired Vendome with the hope that he might cut off the advanced guard which was over the Scheldt, before the bulk of the Allied forces could get across to their relief. With this view he halted his troops, and drew them up hastily in order of battle. This brought on the great and glorious action which followed, towards the due understanding of which, a description of the theatre of combat is indispensable.

* At the distance of a mile north of Oudenarde, is the village of Eynes. Here the ground rises into a species of low, but spacious amphitheatre. From thence it sweeps along a small plain, till it nearly reaches the glens of Oudenarde, where it terminates in the village of Bevere. To the west the slope ascends to another broad hill called the Bosercenter; and at the highest point of the eminence stands a windmill, shaded by a lofty lime-tree, forming conspicuous objects from the whole adjacent country. From thence the ground gradually declines towards Marden; and the eye glancing over the humid valley watered by the Norcken, rests on another range of uplands, which, gently sinking, at length terminates near Asper. Within this space, two small streams, descending from the lower part of the hill of Oycke, embrace a low tongue of land, the centre of which rises to a gentle elevation. The borders of these rivulets are crossed by frequent enclosures, surrounding the farm-yards of Barwaen, Chobon, and Diepenbeck. Near the source of one of these streams is a castellated mansion; at that of the other is the hamlet of Rheitehouk; embosomed in a wooded nook. These streams unite at the hamlet of Schaerken, and their united current flows in a marshy bed to the Scheldt, which it reaches near Eynes. The Norcken, another river traversing the field, runs for a considerable distance parallel to the Scheldt, until, passing by Asper, it terminates in a stagnant canal, which joins the Scheldt below Gavre. Its borders, like those of the other streams, are skirted with coppice-wood thickets; behind are the enclosures surrounding the little plain. Generally speaking, this part of Flanders is even not merely of picturesque beauty and high cultivation, but great military strength; and it is hard to say whether its numerous streams, hanging banks, and umbrageous woods, add most to its interest in the eye of a painter or to its intricacy and defensive character in warlike operations."—(The above description of the field of Oudenarde is mainly taken from Coxe)

As fast as the Allies got across the Scheldt, Marlborough formed them along the high grounds stretching from Bevere to Moereghem Mill, with their right resting on the Scheldt. Vendome's men stretched across the plain, from the hill of Asper on the left, to Warreghem on the right. A considerable body of cavalry and infantry lay in front of their position in Eynes, of which they had retained possession since they had repulsed Cadogan's horse. No sooner had the English general got a sufficient number of troops up, than he ordered that gallant officer to advance and retake that village. The infantry attacked in front, crossing the rivulet near Eynes; while the horse made a circuit, and passing higher, made their appearance in their rear, when the conflict was warmly going on in front. The consequence was, that the village was carried with great loss to the enemy, three entire battalions were cut off and made prisoners, and eight squadrons cut to pieces in striving to make their way across the steep and tangled banks of the Norcken. This sharp blow convinced the French leaders that a general action was unavoidable; and though, from the vigour with which it had been struck, there remained little hope of overpowering the Allied advanced guard before the main body came up, yet they

* "The treachery of Ghent, continual marching, and some letters I have received from England, (from the Queen and the Duchess,) have so vexed me, that I was yesterday in so great a fever, that the doctor would have persuaded me to have gone to Brussels; but I thank God I am better and by the next post I hope to answer your letters. The states have used this country so ill, that I no ways doubt but all the towns in it will play us the same tricks as Ghent if they have the power."—Marlborough to Godolphin, July 9, 1708.

resolved, contrary to the opinion of Vendome, who had become seriously alarmed, to persist in the attack, and risk all on the issue of a general engagement.

It was four in the afternoon when the French commenced the action in good earnest. The Duke of Burgundy ordered General Grimaldi to lead Siestern's squadron across the Norcken, apparently with the view of feeling his way preparatory to a general attack; but when he arrived on the margin of the stream, and saw the Prussian cavalry already formed on the other side, he fell back to the small plain near the Mill of Royeghem. Vendome, meanwhile, directed his left to advance, deeming that the most favourable side to attack; but the Duke of Burgundy, who nominally had the supreme command, and who was jealous of Vendome's reputation, countermanded this order; alleging that an impassable morass separated the two armies in that quarter. Those contradictory orders produced indecision in the French lines, and Marlborough, divining its cause, instantly took advantage of it. Ju'ging with reason that the real attack of the enemy would be made on his left by their right, in front of the castle of Bevere, he drew the twelve battalions of foot under Cadogan from Heurne and Eynes, which they occupied, and reinforced the left with them; while the bridges of the Norcken were strongly occupied, and musketeers disposed in the woods on their sides. Marlborough himself, at the head of the Prussian horse, advanced by Heurne, and took post on the flank of the little plain of Diepenbeck, where it was evident the heat of the action would ensue. A reserve of twenty British battalions, with a few guns, took post near Schaerken, and proved of the most essential service in the struggle which ensued. Few pieces of artillery were brought up on either side; the rapidity of the movements on both having outstripped the slow pace at which those ponderous implements of destruction were then conveyed.—(Marlborough to Count Piper, 15th July 1708.)

Hardly were these defensive arrangements completed, when the tempest was upon them. The whole French right wing, consisting of thirty battalions, embracing the French and Swiss guards, and the flower of their army, debouched from the woods and hedges near Groenvelde, and attacking four battalions stationed there, quickly compelled them to retreat. Advancing then in the open plain, they completely outflanked the Allied left, and made themselves masters of the hamlets of Barwaen and Banlaney. This success exposed the Allies to imminent danger; for in their rear was the Scheldt, flowing lazily in a deep and impassable current, through marshy meadows, crossed only by a few bridges, over which retreat would be impossible in presence of a victorious enemy; and the success against the Allied left exposed to be cut off from their only resource in such a case, the friendly ramparts of Oudenarde.

Anxiously observing the rapid progress of the French on his left, Marlborough successively drew brigade after brigade from his right, and moved them to the quarter which was now severely pressed. The hostile lines fought with the most determined resolution. Every bridge, every ditch, every wood, every hamlet, every inclosure, was obstinately contested; and so incessant was the roar of musketry, that, seen from a distance, the horizon seemed an unbroken line of fire. Hitherto Marlborough and Eugene had remained together; but now, as matters had reached the crisis, they separated. The English general bestowed on Prince Eugene the command of his right, where the British battalions, whose valour he had often praised, were placed. He himself, with the Prussian horse on the banks of the Norcken, kept the enemy's left in check; while with his own left he endeavoured to outflank the enemy, and retaliate upon them the manoeuvre which they had attempted against him. This bold movement was attended with severe loss, but it proved completely successful. Eugene was soon warmly engaged, and at first wellnigh overpowered by the superior numbers and vehement onset of the enemy. But Marlborough, whose eye was every where, no sooner observed this, than he dispatched Cadogan with his twelve English battalions to his support. Encouraged by this aid, Eugene moved forward General Natmer, at the head of the Prussian heavy horse and cuirassiers, to charge the enemy's second line near the Mill of Royeghem; while he himself renewed the attack on their infantry near Herieghem. Both attacks proved successful. The enemy were expelled on the right from the enclosure of Aveicheus, and the battle restored in that quarter; while, at the same time, their second line was driven back into the enclosures of Royeghem. But this last success was not achieved without a very heavy loss; for the Prussian horse were received by so terrible a fire of musketry from the hedges near Royeghem, into which they had pushed the enemy's second line, that half of them were stretched on the plain, and the remainder recoiled in disorderly flight.

Meanwhile, Marlborough himself was not less actively engaged on the Allied left. At the head of the Hanoverian and Dutch battalions, he there pressed forward against the hitherto victorious French right. The vigour inspired by his presence quickly altered the state of affairs in that quarter. Barlaney and Barwaen were soon regained, but not without the most desperate resistance; for not only did the enemy obstinately contest every field and enclosure, but in their fury, set fire to such of the houses as could no longer be maintained. Despite all these obstacles, however, the English general fairly drove them back, at the musket's point, from one enclosure to another, till he reached the hamlet of Diepenbeck, where the resistance proved so violent that he was compelled to pause. His vigilant eye, however, ere long observed, that the hill of Oycke, which flanked the enemy's extreme right, was unoccupied. Conceiving that their right might be turned by this eminence, he directed Overkirk, with the reserve cavalry, and twenty Dutch and Danish battalions, to occupy it. The veteran marshal executed this important, and as it proved, decisive movement, with his wonted alacrity and spirit. The wooded dells round the castle of Bevere soon rung with musketry; the enemy, forced out of them, was driven over the shoulder of the Bosercenter; soon it was passed, and the mill of Oycke, and the plateau behind it, occupied by the Danish and Dutch battalions. Arrived on the summit, Overkirk made his men bring up their left shoulders, so as to wheel upwards, and form a vast semicircle round the right wing of the French, which, far advanced beyond the centre, was now thrown back, and grouped into the little plain of Diepenbeck. Observing the effect of this movement, Marlborough directed Overkirk to press forward his left still farther, so as to seize the passes of Mullem and mill of Royeghem, by which the communication between the enemy's right and centre was maintained. This order was executed with vigour and success by the Prince of Orange and General Oxenstierna. The progress of the extreme Allied left round the rear of the French right, was observed by the frequent flashes of their musketry on the heights above Mullem, down to which they descended, driving the enemy with loud cheers, which re-echoed over the whole field, before them. The victory was now gained. Refluent from all quarters, enveloped on every side, the whole French right was hurled together, in wild confusion, into the plain of Diepenbeck; where seven regiments of horse, which made a noble effort to stem the flood of disaster, was all cut to pieces or taken.

Seeing his right wing on the verge of destruction, Vendôme made a gallant effort to rescue it. Dismounting from his horse, he led the infantry of his left near Mullen, to the aid of their devoted comrades. But the thick and frequent enclosures broke their array; the soldiers were dismayed by the loud shouts of victory from their right; and when they emerged from the enclosures, and approached the plain of Diepenbeck, the firm countenance of the British horse, drawn up on its edge, and the sturdy array of their infantry under Eugene, which advanced to meet them, rendered the effort abortive. Meanwhile darkness set in, but the battle still raged on all sides; and the frequent flashes of the musketry on the heights around, intermingled with the shouts of the victors, showed but too clearly how nearly the extremity of danger was approaching to the whole French army. So completely were they enveloped, that the advanced guard of the right under Eugene, and the left under the Prince of Orange, met on the heights in the French rear, and several volleys were exchanged between them, before the error was discovered, and, by great exertions of their respective commanders, the useless butchery was stopped. To prevent a repetition of such disasters, orders were given to the whole troops to halt where they stood, and to this precaution many owed their safety, as it was impossible in the darkness to distinguish friend from foe. But it enabled great part of the centre and left of the French to escape unobserved, which, had daylight continued for two hours longer, would have been all taken or destroyed. Their gallant right was left to its fate; while Eugene, by directing the drums of his regiments to beat the French *assemblee*, made great numbers of their left and centre prisoners. Some thousands of the right slipped unobserved to the westward, near the castle of Bever, and made their way in a confused body towards France, but the greater part of that wing were killed or taken. Vendôme, with characteristic presence of mind, formed a rearguard of a few battalions and twenty-five squadrons, with which he covered the retreat of the centre and left; but the remainder of those parts of the army fell into total confusion, and fled headlong in wild disorder towards Ghent.

We have the authority of Marlborough for the assertion, that "if he had had two hours more of daylight, the French army would have been irretrievably routed, great part of it killed or taken, and the war terminated on that day." As it was, the blow struck was prodigious, and entirely altered the character and issue of the campaign. The French lost six thousand men in killed and wounded, besides nine thousand prisoners, and one hundred standards wrested from them in fair fight. The Allies were weakened by five thousand men; for the French were superior in number, and fought well, having been defeated solely by the superior generalship of the Allied commanders.

No sooner did daylight appear, than forty squadrons were detached towards Ghent, in pursuit of the enemy; while Marlborough himself, with characteristic humanity, visited the field of battle, doing his utmost to assuage the sufferings, and provide for the cure of the numerous wounded—alike friend and foe—who encumbered its bloody expanse. Count Lutnow was sent with thirty battalions and fifty squadrons, to possess himself of the lines which the enemy had constructed between Ipres and Warneton, which that officer did with vigor and success, making five hundred prisoners. This was the more fortunate, as, at the moment they were taken, the Duke of Berwick with the French army from the Moselle, was hastening up, and had exhorted the garrison to defend the lines to the last extremity. At the same time, the corresponding Allied army, commanded by Eugene, arrived at Brussels, so that both sides were largely reinforced. Berwick's corps, which consisted of thirty-four battalions and fifty-five squadrons, was so considerable, that it raised Vendôme's army again to an hundred thousand men. With this imposing mass, that able general took post in a camp behind the canal of Bruges, and near Ghent, which he soon strongly fortified, and which commanded the navigation both of the Scheldt and the Lys. He rightly judged, that as long as he was there at the head of such a force, the Allies would not venture to advance into France; though it lay entirely open to their incursions, as Marlborough was between him and Paris.

Encouraged by this singular posture of the armies, Marlborough strongly urged upon the Allied council of war the propriety of relinquishing all lesser objects, passing the whole fortified towns on the frontier, and advancing straight towards the French capital.* This bold counsel, however—which, if acted on, would have been precisely what Wellington and Blücher did a century after, in advancing from the same country, and perhaps attended with similar success—was rejected. Eugene, and the remainder of the council, considered the design too hazardous, while Vendôme with so great an army lay intrenched in their rear, threatening their communications. It was resolved, therefore, to commence the invasion of the territory of the Grande Monarchie, by the siege of the great frontier fortress of Lille, the strongest and most important place in French Flanders, and the possession of which would give the Allies a solid footing in the enemy's territory. This, however, was a most formidable undertaking; for not only was the place itself of great strength, and with a citadel within its walls still stronger, but it was garrisoned by Marshal Boufflers, one of the ablest officers in the French service, with fifteen thousand choice troops, and every requisite for a vigorous defence. On the other hand, Vendôme, at the head of an hundred thousand men, lay in an impregnable camp between Ghent and Bruges, ready to interrupt or raise the siege; and his position there extremely hampered Marlborough in bringing forward the requisite equipage for so great an undertaking, as it interrupted the whole water navigation of the country, by which it could best be effected. The dragging it up by land, would require sixteen thousand horses. Nevertheless it was resolved to undertake the enterprise, sanguine hopes being entertained, that, rather than see so important a fortress fall, Vendôme would leave his intrenched camp, and give the Allies an opportunity of bringing him again to battle on equal terms.

No sooner was the undertaking resolved on, than the most vigorous measures were adopted to carry it into execution. The obstacles which presented themselves, however, were great indeed, and proved even more formidable than had been at first anticipated. Every gun, every wagon, every round of ammunition, required to be transported from Holland; and even the nearest depot for ordinary and military stores for the Allies, was Brussels, situated twenty-five leagues off. Sixteen thousand horses were requisite to transport the train which brought these stores, partly from Maastricht, partly from Holland; and when in a line of march, it stretched over fifteen miles. Prince Eugene, with fifty-three battalions and ninety squadrons, covered the vast moving mass—Marlborough himself being ready, at a moment's notice, in his camp near Menin,

* Conscious of the panic which prevailed in France, and aware that some brilliant enterprise was requisite to prevent the Dutch from listening to separate overtures for peace, Marlborough proposed to meet at Lille, and penetrate by the northern frontier into the heart of France. An expedition fitted out in England was to co-operate on the coast. But the design of penetrating direct into France seemed too bold even to Eugene, and, of course, encouraged strong opposition from a government so timid and vacillating as that of Holland.

to support him, if necessary. Between these two great men there existed then, as ever, the most entire cordiality.* Their measures were all taken in concord, and with such ability, that though Vendôme lay on the flank of the line of march, which extended over above seventy miles, not a gun was taken, nor a carriage lost; and the whole reached the camp at Helchin in safety, on the 12th August, whither Marlborough had gone to meet it. So marvellous were the arrangements made for the safe conduct of this important convoy, and so entire their success, that they excited the admiration of the French, and in no slight degree augmented the alarm of their generals, who had hitherto treated the idea of Lille being besieged, with perfect derision "Posterity," says the French annalist, Feuquieres, "will scarcely believe the fact, though it is an undoubted truth. Never was a great enterprise conducted with more skill and circumspection."

Prince Eugene was entrusted with the conduct of the siege, while Marlborough commanded the covering army. The former commenced the investment of the place on the 13th August, while Marlborough remained at Helchin, taking measures for the protection of the convoys, which were incessantly coming up from Brussels. At length the whole were passed, and arrived in safety in the camp before Lille, amounting to one hundred and twenty heavy guns, forty mortars, twenty howitzers, and four hundred ammunition waggons. Eugene's army for the siege consisted of fifty-three battalions and ninety squadrons, in all about forty thousand men. Marlborough's covering force was sixty-nine battalions and one hundred and forty squadrons, numbering nearly sixty thousand men. But the force of the French was still more considerable in the field. Vendôme and Berwick united on the 30th, on the plain between Grammont and Lessines, and on the 2d September, advanced towards Lille with one hundred and forty battalions and two hundred and fifty squadrons, mustering one hundred thousand combatants, besides twenty thousand left, under Count de la Motte, to cover Ghent and Bruges. But Marlborough had no fears for the result, and ardently longed for a general action, which he hoped would one way or other conclude the war. "If we have a second action," says he, "and God blesses our just cause, this, in all likelihood, will be our last campaign; for I think they would not venture a battle, but are resolved to submit to any condition, if the success be on our side; and if they get the better, they will think themselves masters; so that, if there should be an action, it is like to be the last this war. If God continues on our side, we have nothing to fear, our troops being good, though not so numerous as theirs. I dare say, before half the troops have fought, success will declare, I trust in God, on our side; and then I may have what I earnestly wish for quick."

No sooner was Marlborough informed of the junction of Vendôme and Berwick, than, anticipating the direction they would follow, and the point at which they would endeavour to penetrate through, and raise the siege, he marched parallel to the enemy, and arrived on the 4th September at a position previously selected, having his right at Noyelle, and his left at Peronne. So correctly had he divined the designs of the able generals to whom he was opposed, that, within two hours after he had taken up his ground, the united French army appeared in his front. Notwithstanding their great superiority of forces, the enemy, however, did not venture to attack, and the two armies remained watching each other for the next fortnight, without any movement being attempted on either side.

Meanwhile, Eugene was actively prosecuting the siege of Lille. Trenches were opened on the 22d, and a heavy fire was opened from eighty pieces of cannon. On the following night, an outwork, called the Chapel of St. Magdalen, was stormed and taken. The second parallel was soon completed, and some farther outworks carried; and the whole battering guns having at length been mounted, a breach was effected in the salient angle of one of the horn-works, and on the same night a lodgement was effected. A vigorous sortie, on the 10th September, hardly retarded the progress of the operations, and a sap was made under the covered way. Marlborough, who visited the besiegers' lines on the 18th, however, expressed some displeasure at the slow progress of the siege; and in consequence, on the 20th, another assault was hazarded. It was most obstinately resisted, but at length the assailants overcame all opposition, and bursting in, carried a demi bastion and several adjoining works, though with a loss of two thousand men. Great as this loss was, it was not so severe as that of one officer who fell; for Eugene himself, transported with ardour, had taken part in the assault, and was seriously wounded. This grievous casualty not only gave the utmost distress to Marlborough, but immensely augmented his labours; for it threw upon him at once the direction of the siege, and the command of the covering army. Every morning at break of day he was on horseback to observe Vendôme's army; and if all was quiet in front, he rode to the lines and directed the siege in person till evening, when he again returned to the camp of the covering force. By thus in a manner doubling himself, this great man succeeded in preventing any serious inconvenience being experienced even from so great a catastrophe as Eugene's wound, and he infused such vigor into the operations of the siege, that, on the 23d September, great part of the tenailles were broken, with a large portion of the covered way. At the same time the ammunition of the garrison began to fail so much in consequence of the constant fire they had kept up for above a month, that Marshal Boufflers sent intimation to Vendôme, that unless a supply of that necessary article was speedily obtained, he should be obliged to surrender.

The French generals, aware how much the fortress was straitened, were meanwhile straining every nerve to raise the siege; but such was the terror inspired by Marlborough's presence, and the skill with which his defensive measures were taken, that they did not venture to hazard an attack on the covering army. But a well conceived project of Vendôme's, for throwing a supply of powder into the fortress, in part succeeded; although many of the horsemen who carried it were cut off, some succeeded in making their way in through the Allied lines, and considerably raised the spirits of the garrison, as well as prolonged their means of defence. But meanwhile the ammunition of the besiegers was falling short, as well as that of the besieged; and as the enemy were completely masters of the communication with Brussels, no resource remained but to get it up from Ostend. A convoy was formed there accordingly by General Erle, and set out on the 27th September, consisting of seven hundred waggons, escorted by General Webb with ten thousand men. Count de la Motte instantly set out with the troops under his command from the vicinity of Ghent, and came up with the convoy in the defile of Wynandale. A sharp action ensued, and the French advanced to the attack with their

* "I need not tell you how much I desire the nation may be at last eased of a burdensome war, by an honourable peace; and no one can judge better than yourself of the sincerity of my wishes to enjoy a little retirement at a place you have contributed in a great measure to make so desirable. I thank you for your good wishes to myself on this occasion. I dare say, Prince Eugene and I shall never differ about our laurels."—Marlborough to Mr. Travers, July 30, 1708.

wanted impetuosity. But Webb's defensive arrangements were so skilful, and the fire kept up by his troops so vigorous, that the enemy were utterly routed; and the convoy forcing its way, reached Menin on the following day, and entered the Allied camp, amidst the acclamations of the whole army, on the 30th September.

The safe arrival of this convoy gave new energy to the operations of the siege; while the recovery of Eugene relieved Marlborough of half the labour under which, to use his own words, he had been for a fortnight "rather dead than alive." Three days after the whole tonaillon was carried, and the troops established directly opposite the breaches of the ramparts. Meanwhile Vendome opened the sluices, and inundated the country to the very borders of the dyke, so as to intercept Marlborough's communication with Ostend, and prevent the arrival of stores from it. But the English general defeated this device by bringing the stores up in flat bottomed boats from Ostend to Leffinghen, and thence conveying them in carriages, mounted on very high wheels, to the camp. Cadogan greatly distinguished himself in this difficult service. Overkirk died at this critical juncture, to the great regret of Marlborough, who could then ill spare his ardent and patriotic spirit. Meanwhile, however, the siege continued to advance; and fifty-five heavy guns thundered from the counter-scarp on the breaches, while thirty-six mortars swept all the works which commanded them. Finding himself unable to withstand the assault which was now hourly expected, Boufflers, on the 22d October, beat a parley, and capitulated; having sustained, with unparalleled resolution, a siege of sixty days, of which thirty were with open trenches. Penetrated with admiration at his gallant defence, Eugene granted the French general and his brave garrison the most honourable terms. The gates were surrendered on the 23d, and the remainder of the garrison, still five thousand strong, retired into the citadel, where they prolonged their defence for six weeks more.

Thus had Marlborough the glory, in one campaign, of defeating, in a pitched battle, the best general and most powerful army possessed by France, and capturing its strongest frontier fortress, the masterpiece of Vauban, under the eyes of one hundred and twenty thousand assembled from all quarters for its relief. He put the keystone at the same time into this arch of glory, by again declining the magnificent offer of the government of the Low Countries, with its appointment of sixty thousand a-year for life, a second time pressed upon him by King Charles, from an apprehension that such an offer might give umbrage to the government of Holland, or excite jealousy in the Queen's government at home.*

THE MIDSUMMER MANUSCRIPT.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The blessings of our youth be on you, bright days of midsummer, prime of the seasons, noontide of the year! The green of our woods deepens beneath your mantle, and our hills rejoice to the heart of their utmost solitude. There was joy at your coming among the nations of old, for your power and glory mingled with the faith of the elder time. The Celt kindled the belianne fire on his mountains for your welcome, and the men of the far east spread "the feast of roses" by the lovely lakes of Cashmere. The world has outlived the memories of her morning; creeds have been forgotten; gods have come and gone; but the toiling stirring multitude of earth still rejoice as ye gladden the span of their passing existence with the breath of your returning roses and the bloom of your eternal youth. So thought, or should have thought, the Monsieur de St. Leon as he sat one long bright evening of that rosy time, surrounded by the chosen companions of his learned labors, engaged in winding up the work of the season. Monsieur de St. Leon was a mighty man in Paris: the fate of the authors, and the speculations of publishers, hung alike upon his pen: his word was law at the Théâtre Français, and more than law at the Opéra Comique; for Monsieur de St. Leon was editor of "Le Voix de Paris," a work whose sentences on the volumes of the period were unquestioned as the ukase in the dominions of the czar: in short, he was the Janin of his day; but he swayed the sceptre of criticism in a more despotic fashion, for the days of his reign were before the Revolution. Well-instructed, highly connected, and blessed with good abilities, Monsieur de St. Leon had early devoted himself to literature, and now, in the meridian of life, he was known as one of the most discerning spirits of his age, the associate of *savants* of the first distinction, and grand master of the French Reviewers. We shall not stay the current of our tale to say how much friends and fortune had to do with building up the fabric of his fame, but there sat the chief of critics amid his band, well pleased with both himself and them; for the last review of the season had been written, the last opera had received its doom, and the latest novel was dismissed with its proper share of well-talented praise and blame. No more was expected at least for some time, for the days of midsummer are not the days of books; and Monsieur de St. Leon felicitated himself on the promised pleasure of a trip to the south, to meet the Summer amid her laden olives, and leave the crowds of Paris and the cares of criticism to less fortunate hands, till the light of her presence was passed.

Their work was done, but still his colleagues sat on in Monsieur's elegant bureau, for they had much to talk of. Most of them were amateur assistants of St. Leon: some were young and ardent, some were old and prudent, and some had grown cold and cautious before their time; all were distinguished in the world of letters, and many in the world of fashion too; but among them was only one female face, and that belonged to Senore, the orphan niece of Monsieur de St. Leon. Her uncle imagined there was a marked resemblance between himself and Voltaire, because he was a bachelor, and intended to publish something original; so, by way of completing the picture, he had taken Senore to manage his domestic concerns, admire his own genius, and be in all respects a second Madame Denis. Little likeness had poor Senore to that immortalised dame; the girl was portly, and but seventeen, a small bright-haired brunette, with a face whose expression of subdued intelligence told of long subservience to another's will, and time not spent for herself; but the sunshine of the heart played over it at times, for the light of the clear black eye had not yet grown dim and dreamy, as in the winter of years.

Projects for the future, *kons-mots* at the expense of their contemporaries, and literary gossip of all sorts, filled the bureau, when St. Leon's valet opened the door, and announced, with rather a comical expression of countenance, that there was a stranger below who wished to see monsieur on very particular business. "Show him up," said St. Leon, to whom the mention of business was at that moment anything but agreeable; and he added, in no very good humor of tone, "What can the fellow want that he comes at such an hour as this!" The words were scarcely spoken when the servant returned, ushering in a young

man of dark pale face and low stature, rendered almost dwarfish by a habitual stoop. His dress was poverty-stricken, and made in the fashion of the provinces; his manner awkward and hesitating, like one not sure of his errand. In his hand he held a small soiled looking manuscript, which with an awkward bow, and a few half-articulate words, he presented to Monsieur de St. Leon. It was accompanied by a note from the manager of the Théâtre Français, stating that it contained a tragedy written by the bearer, which the manager would purchase if Monsieur de St. Leon approved of it, and earnestly requesting that, whether favorable or not, his opinion should be given without delay.

St. Leon had been hard at work for the last three weeks, and that evening was to him like the Jew's preparation for his Sabbath, and to be obliged to read over a new play, was a task he had not expected; but felt it just then inexpedient to refuse the manager's request, and therefore consented, with little grace, and less good temper. If there was one thing in the world which St. Leon delighted to criticise more than another, it was the work of a poet, for monsieur had wooed the muse on his own account; and with a few cold and hurried questions to the stranger touching his name, profession, and birthplace, which were as coldly answered—for the youth had got time to collect himself, and said his name was Joseph Fauquet, his birthplace a village in Auvergne, and profession he had none at present—the great reviewer glanced once more at his shabby appearance, and proceeded to read the manuscript.

Monsieur went to work, determined not to be pleased; and many and marvellous were the faults he found in that unlucky tragedy. The plot was bad; the story was deficient in interest; the characters were unnatural; the poetry defective; and in short there was no possible error of style or composition into which it had not fallen, in the estimation of monsieur; and he desecrated on the said errors with an eloquence highly satisfactory to his own spleen, and edifying to his friends, who seemed to concur in his opinion; for those who did not join in the censure, remained entirely silent. Among the latter was Senore; but there was deep interest in her young face and slight figure, bent forward with eagerness to catch the sound; and her eye would often kindle with pleasure and admiration at passages which her uncle unhesitatingly condemned. Fauquet sat also silent: at first, indeed, his gaze was rivetted on St. Leon with such intense anxiety, as it was painful to witness; but as the critic went on, his countenance gradually settled to a cold and almost stony calmness, except when he caught the eye of Senore, and then his glance would brighten with a fire that seemed from the altar of Hope.

The piece was called "La Reine Blanche;" its subject was a story of the old romantic times, and there was poetry in it; for, as St. Leon reached the climax, Senore started to her feet, exclaiming, "Oh, uncle, is not that splendid!"

"Nonsense, child," said St. Leon; "it wants originality." But before he could utter another word, Fauquet bounded from his seat, snatched the manuscript from his hand, and casting on Senore one look of wild but unfathomable gratitude, darted down stairs, and rushed into the street.

"There's assurance for you," said the critic, as soon as he could speak from the effect of surprise and anger; "some runaway apprentice no doubt, or turned-off servant, who has mistaken his sphere, and presumed to write plays; but he has got a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life." And with this gentle conclusion Monsieur de St. Leon dismissed the subject from his mind.

It was in the summer of 1786 that the scene we have just related took place; but there came after summers, which ripened the bloody vintage growing through ages of unchecked oppression for the crown and the corse of France; and the name that swept from their bases both throne and altar, shipwrecked the fame and fortunes of Monsieur de St. Leon. The storm had dispersed his friends, and some it had turned into enemies; and "Le Voix de Paris," the sword of his power and the strong-hold of his glory, perished, unwept and unlamented, amid the clash of contending interests and the fall of the old institutions. His family were among the first on the lists of republican proscription. Most of them died in exile, and some in poverty; and he had wandered from land to land, with no means of life but his literary profession, which he practised with more or less success in every city of Europe. But years had passed over him, and St. Leon had grown old, and alone; for poor Senore, who had long been the faithful companion of his wanderings, at length agreed to the proposal of an eminent German publisher, to become Madame Wessendorf. The match was a good one, but the girl had hesitated long, as if there was some old love that rose up in her memory. But at length the declarations of her uncle, "that she had no fortune, and must be provided for," and Wessendorf's handsome settlement prevailed. She had been married five years, and now resided in Paris; there also St. Leon arrived in the summer of 184-. He had three good and sufficient reasons for his coming: the first was, to see Senore; the second, to recover a small property lost in the Revolution; and the third, to fulfil the darling design of his life—the publication of an original volume, which he hoped would revive his former fame in the memory of the Parisians. He had collected its materials for years: many a sleepless night and troubled day it had cost him. Through the terrors of the Revolution, and the privations of his exile, he had kept it, like Cæsar's Commentaries, held above the wave, even at the risk of drowning. His dream was the same, but he found the city changed. A new generation of writers and critics had arisen, who thought and spoke not like the men of his youth; for these were the days of the Empire. The intended volume was a philosophic work, which St. Leon designed to be splendidly illustrated, and published by subscription; but he had now no friends in the capital; and when he explained the plan to his nephew, that skilful trader in taste and genius shook his head solemnly, and assured him that his only hope of success lay in an immediate application to Monsieur Marzette, whose name at the head of his subscription list would be a sufficient recommendation to all the *savants* in Paris.

"Marzette!" said St. Leon, for the name had reached him in many a far city as that of a rising star in the new system of things.

"Yes," said Wessendorf, "Monsieur Marzette, who is known as far as the tricolor streams as the first of our living authors, and the most accomplished critic in France. He is now a member of the French Academy, and will likely soon be a peer of the empire; for the Emperor, though more partial to the genius of the sword than the pen, it is said, has expressed a high opinion of him; and Madame La Mere, Cambaceres, and all the people of influence are his friends; but he is very amiable," continued Wessendorf, "and receives everybody. All Paris crowd to his hotel on the reception nights; to-morrow is one of them; and as I have the honor of knowing him, and am going to introduce Madame, I think I might manage to do the same for you."

Next evening found Monsieur de St. Leon, with his niece Senore and her German husband, entering a splendid hotel at the Place de Luxembourg, in which was the residence of Monsieur Marzette. All Paris seemed indeed there: the street was crowded with brilliant equipages; and crowds of fash-

* "You will find me, my Prince, always ready to renew the patent for the government of the Low Countries, formerly sent to you, and to extend it for your life."—King Charles to Marlborough, August 8, 1708.

ionables poured in, till the scene reminded Senore and her uncle of the last great ball they had attended in this very house, when it was occupied by the Count de Marigny, two months before the taking of the Bastille. With some difficulty they got through the crowded house to the principal saloon, in which the great man sat. The room was no less gay and magnificent than when St. Leon and his niece last stood within it; but the years that intervened had done their work on them. St. Leon was an old and worn-out man, and Senore had grown a large and handsome matron, with a brow that told of many trials, and hair which the winters of life had touched early with their snows; but Wessendorf presented them to a small, dark-complexioned man, of graceful bearing, and somewhat stern but strikingly fine countenance, dressed with a taste which spared no expense—and that was Monsieur Marzette. He saluted Madame Wessendorf with cordial and habitual politeness, but St. Leon thought he looked long and earnestly upon her; and when his own name was pronounced, a strange expression, like that of great pain, passed quickly over his face; but he recovered himself in a moment, and saluted him with great frankness and affability, professing to have heard of his well-merited celebrity, and even made room for him beside himself. St. Leon's heart was gratified, for, seeing the principal person pay him so much attention, all the rest of the company followed his example, and the old man felt as if the far-past days of his glory were returning once more. But he did not forget to turn so good an opportunity to the advantage of his long-projected volume, and soon found means to introduce the subject, and enter into all its details. Monsieur Marzette listened most graciously; and when St. Leon wound up his discourse by requesting the aid of his influence and name, he said, in an under tone, "Most willingly, my dear Monsieur; but will you have the goodness to remain till the company have retired, for I wish to speak to you in private?"

St. Leon of course assented; but all that evening he puzzled himself in vain to guess what Marzette could have to say to him of such secrecy; and Marzette himself, though courteous and friendly to all, and especially to him, seemed strangely absent at times; and his looks often wandered, as if unconsciously, towards Madame Wessendorf. Never had St. Leon looked so earnestly for the close of a soirée; but it came at last, to his great relief. The company began to depart; and when the greater part of his guests were gone, Marzette requested his presence in the library. It was a large and noble apartment; and the two sat there alone, opposite to each other, and silent for some minutes. At length Marzette, fixing his eyes upon St. Leon's face with a sad and a searching look, said, "Monsieur St. Leon, do you remember the 20th of June 1786?"

St. Leon mused a moment, but in all the dusty archives of his memory there was no record of the day, and he answered, "Indeed, Monsieur, I cannot say that I recollect anything particular of the date you have mentioned."

"Well," said Marzette, "do you not remember one, with mean attire and awkward manners, who came on that day to ask your opinion of a production on which his hope, nay, almost his life depended? for oh, St. Leon, he was young and poor—and I am Joseph Fauquet!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, it could not have had a more startling effect on St. Leon than this announcement produced. He sat rivetted to his chair, as the whole scene thus recalled passed rapidly before his mental vision; but awkward as his own position now was, all thoughts of the kind were lost in amazement at the transformation wrought by eighteen years.

"Do you remember it now, Monsieur?" said Marzette; but his tone was still calm and sad.

"I do," said St. Leon—who was too much a man of the world not to see the ground on which he stood, when the first shock of his astonishment was over—"do; and though I cannot believe you to be the same person, of course I do not now expect your patronage;" and he rose with all the composure he could command.

"Stay, Monsieur, stay," said Marzette, grasping his hand; "my name, my influence, and all in my power are at your service. I had wild thoughts of anger and revenge, which haunted me for years; but I have lived to learn better. And after all, though the lesson was hard, you did me no wrong. But stay, and tell me why you cannot believe that I am indeed the same."

Monsieur de St. Leon would have preferred almost any other place to that where he now was, but curiosity and interest both forbade his going, and he resumed his seat, saying, though scarcely conscious of what he said "Because it is impossible to identify a member of the French Academy with one who seemed so poor in mind as well as in purse."

"Such is the world's wisdom," said Marzette, earnestly. "Fop and philosopher, peasant and politician, none can see farther than the mere external trappings or accidental position. Man, there was wealth in my early poverty which I can never own again—the full fountain of youth's unfrozen affections, the strength of an unwearied and then unwearied hope, and the faith in this world's good—which has past from me forever. Tell me, what value do you place on these? Listen: I was one of many in a peasant's family, dwelling in a mountain village of Auvergne; my parents knew no other means of life or its comforts than that produced by the labor of their hands; their other children were strong and rosy, fitted to prosper in their narrow sphere, and they were proud of them; but I had been weak and sickly from my childhood, and they had neither love nor hope to waste on one so worthless."

"Surely, then, they were not your parents," said St. Leon, "for parents love their children under all misfortunes."

"Believe it not—believe it not," cried Marzette; "human affections are swayed by human pride or interst, from the palace to the hut. They love the son who will be the heir of their fortunes, or the daughter whose beauty will insure a brilliant alliance; but those who have not such claims can expect only toleration, and it was so with me. The voice of one hearth finds its echo in all others. My neighbors looked upon me with the eyes of my kindred. It might have been that the iron which entered into my soul so early had left its rust behind; but no one loved me in the place where I was born. I need not say how far my spirit wandered from the beaten path in search of the healing waters, which it found not there; nor know I whether it was loneliness of heart, or what men have called genius, that turned my steps to the boundless fields of thought; but a thirst for the old forbidden tree came early on me, and as years increased I grew weary of my peasant lot, and left my native village with nothing to grieve for, and none to lament me. I have never seen it since. The graves of my parents are green, and my kindred have forgotten me; for my fame is linked with a name they never knew; but my dreams go back at times to the shadow of the old vine, and the light of autumn's sun set shed upon our hills. I went forth into the world alone, and scarcely knowing a step of the way; but I had many hopes, and many schemes that were bright in their vagueness, and I trusted to time and my own energies for success. You may guess the circumstances under which I came to you, when experience had partially schooled me. That was my first attempt, and it may be that it de-

served your censure; but oh! Monsieur, had you remembered then that the great gulf fixed between us was but the work of fortune, and given me but one word of friendly advice and encouragement, how precious should its memory have been to my after-years! I have made my own way, and learned darker lessons since then—as who has not that ever climbed ambition's precipice with their feet on the narrow ledge, and their hold on jagged rocks or thorns! But there is still a higher ledge to be gained, and they cling and struggle upwards, though sorely pierced and torn: but, Monsieur," said Marzette, and his look grew far more earnest, "there was a girl who sat with you that evening. I know not her name, but they said she was your niece."

"Oh, my niece Senore," said St. Leon, glad to seize any opportunity of changing the subject.

"Yes, Monsieur; and what of her now?"

"Oh, she is well, and well married."

"She's what?" almost screamed Marzette.

"She is married, Monsieur," said St. Leon, involuntary glancing towards the door, for the man's eyes were wild. "This night her husband presented her to you. She is Madame Wessendorf."

"Good night, good night, Monsieur," said Marzette, growing strangely and suddenly calm. "Command my services when you please, but speak nothing of this interview, for it would serve neither you nor me."

"What a fortune my poor Senore has missed," said St. Leon to himself, as he accompanied his niece and her German husband home.

Madame Wessendorf never visited that hotel again, and was the only person in Paris who did not speak of Monsieur Marzette. His stay in the French capital was not long; for six months after St. Leon's arrival, he disposed of his effects and emigrated to America, leaving nothing but his fame behind him. His after-progress we cannot trace; but before his departure St. Leon's property was recovered and his volume published. It has died since, like many of its kindred. Its learned author lived and died a *savant*; but he never saw an ill-dressed stranger, particularly with papers in his hand, without looking kindly upon him—it was said in memory of the Midsummer Manuscript.

Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

NEW YORK MUSICAL CONVENTION.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD HODGERS, MUS. DOCT.

Music, in some form or other, now occupies so great a share of the public attention, enters so largely into our social amusements, and, above all, has become, as of right, so prominent an ingredient in the celebration of Divine Worship, that it may well become us to inquire how it may be best cultivated, and to ask ourselves whether the course we have been in the habit of pursuing be in all respects the very best which might be devised. Now, in order to arrive at a satisfactory solution of this question, we ought further to ask ourselves what it is we are striving to attain, and with what ulterior view. The phrase, "a knowledge of music," is by itself a very indefinite expression. Some would understand by it merely the ability to sing or to play upon an instrument correctly, and with tolerable facility; whilst others might—and not without reason—contend that the attainment of such power, although it might be ranked as a creditable accomplishment, by no means necessarily includes the idea which ought to be conveyed by the phrase, "knowledge of music;" and even that it may exist without any scientific knowledge whatever upon the subject. A man may certainly sing or play his part in a musical performance, without any more acquaintance with the structure of the composition about which he may have laboured for months, or even years, than the private soldier, when engaged in a general action, knows of the strategy and tactics of the commander-in-chief under whom he serves. Music teaching has been unfortunately conducted principally upon the *mimetic* principle; the pupil is taught to imitate, to copy, to perform a composition just as directed, but without being told why. For this, perhaps, a reason will appear by and by. The blame must not rest altogether upon the teacher.

Let us imagine a person desirous of learning music. He sends for, or is sent to, a teacher. What should be the first question put by the said teacher? It seems to me that the prime object of the instructor should be to ascertain what the applicant wishes to acquire, and (as the un instructed can scarcely be expected accurately to define that with which he is not already conversant) *with what ultimate view*. One will tell him, "I wish to learn to play upon the piano-forte, because I take a great delight in it;" another may say, "my father and mother command it, but I confess to you I have no relish for it; yet, in obedience to them, I will do what I can" (and I have had such pupils); a third, "I wish to make music my profession, and to it I look for the means of subsistence;" and a fourth, perhaps (but, alas! very rarely), "I think that I have some natural talent, and I wish to cultivate it and devote it to the service of God." It is easy to perceive that it would be but folly to set all these persons upon a similar course of practice or of study. The man who takes up music as a profession, must, if he would attain to eminence, devote himself to it, as it were, body and soul; and this, too, from an early period of life, ere the muscles become comparatively rigid and inflexible. He must labour from morning till night, from day to day, week after week, month after month, and this through a long course of years, perhaps to overcome the mechanical difficulties which lie in his path. For such is the modern rage for high velocities, that it would appear as though a principle had been tacitly established, that the greater the *rapidity* of execution the greater the excellence of the performance. The spirit of the steamboat and the railroad seems to have been transferred into music; nor does that content us, but we must endeavor to rival the speed of the electric telegraph itself! But is it legitimate music after all? I must confess to a doubt upon that point. It may astonish; it may call down the thundering burst of applause at the marvellous dexterity displayed,—but that is all. It has entered the ear, it has not interested the understanding, it has not reached the heart.

And even when this superlative degree of execution has been attained, it can be preserved only by incessant practice. Is it wise then in those who study music merely as a recreation, to make even an attempt in this direction? How lamentable is it to witness the excess of toil and labour of a young and innocent damsel, condemned to waste a great portion of her early days in acquiring what!—A knowledge of music!—No; the power of performing a few set pieces which she had been taught, and beyond that she knows nothing! See her a few years later in life, as the mother of a little family. Ask her to play. She says,—"I never touch an instrument now, I have not time to keep up my practice; and if I had, it would be of little use, for what music I did learn is now entirely out of fashion." Ought this to be so? Would this have been the result had the understanding been informed upon the subject, instead of confining the attention to the mere manipulation of the art? I think not. Doubtless there should be some physical training; but there should be coupled with it sound instruction upon the grounds and principles of melody and harmony,

that the intellect may have a share in the exercise; and such instruction will not be useless in after life. But this plan, if adopted, would not make so much splash and show as the course usually followed. Mamma wishes her daughter to play, and to play speedily, too. A lady in this city once asked me, if she resolved upon permitting her daughter to learn music, how long it would take before she could play tolerably well before company? I told her that much depended upon the aptitude of the pupil, and that, therefore, I could not precisely predict the time, but that I thought she ought not to attempt to exhibit her acquirements under three years. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "why, I thought that a quarter, or at furthest two quarters, would be enough!" And so I lost the pupil. Are we to wonder that the style of teaching is flimsy and superficial? All that the teacher can do, under such circumstances, is to cram the patient with a few trumpery compositions, get up for ephemeral display, and quietly pocket his remuneration for the stipulated number of lessons.

In connection with this branch of the subject, the giving of stated lessons, I will venture to offer a suggestion which may prove of practical utility. The custom is to give two lessons, or in some cases three lessons, a week; and this from the commencement, throughout the whole course. This strikes me as capable of amendment. The pupil at first needs much more frequent guidance and assistance, than in the after stages of his progress. He can do nothing, at least nothing to profit, but when the teacher is at his elbow. Let him begin, then, with daily lessons. After the first month, the frequency may be diminished to three lessons a week. Some little while after, say at the termination of the first quarter, two lessons a week may suffice; and as the pupil advances, the interval between the lessons may be still more and more extended, until they come to but one in a month. I throw out the idea from a conviction that if adopted it will be followed by beneficial results. It will enable the learner to make more rapid progress at first, and to retain his teacher for a much longer period than is by the present plan generally compatible with a due regard to dollars and cents.

As everything in these modern times is to be done upon a great scale, the practice of teaching music in *classes* has become common. It may be well to ascertain to what extent this practice may be beneficially employed. It is evident then, that the rudiments of the art of reading music may be effectually communicated as well to a hundred people at once, as to one alone. The notation may be explained, some approach to correct intonation may be obtained, intervals may be appreciated, some general knowledge of harmony may be inculcated, and, above all, a correct knowledge of time and rhythm may be acquired. All this is valuable, but here I think all the advantages of this mode of teaching in classes, especially if consisting of large numbers, terminates. All the finer shades of taste, and feeling, and expression, must be, from the very nature of the thing, excluded. Let it not be expected that any great and good singer will ever be formed by such a process. Still, good may done; and I should be very sorry to say or to do anything which might have the effect of diminishing the interest which this mode of teaching has of late excited. If it do no more than infuse a little life and energy into our congregational singing, it ought to be hailed as a public benefit.

The next point to which I wish to direct your attention, is one which may at first be considered as comparatively trivial and unimportant,—I mean the alterations which have been attempted in the *nomenclature* of music. It may be represented as a very insignificant matter, so the thing be but properly understood, whether we call a certain character a "semibreve," or a "whole note;" whether we speak of a certain interval as a "second," or as a "tone;" whether we designate a particular quantity of the representatives of musical sounds as a "bar," or as a "measure." But the question arises, Why make the change? And we are answered, that a greater precision of language is attained; an allegation which, to my mind, has not yet been satisfactorily sustained. Not to detain you long upon what must necessarily prove a very dull and dry subject of discussion, I will take up only one of these innovations upon established usage, and endeavour to follow it into its consequences.

We are told that it is very improper to designate the intervals between the successive degrees of the Diatonic Scale by the terms "tone," and "semitone," because the word tone is susceptible of, and in ordinary use always carries, a different meaning. Thus we speak of the tone of the voice, or of some particular instrument, as being of this or that quality; and say that the tone of an organ is very different from that of a bagpipe. And in so speaking we speak correctly enough; but does it hence follow that the word tone can be used in no other sense? The reply is, that there may be some danger of a confusion of ideas in the mind of the student. Let us see then how the proposed substitute will work. For *tone* we will adopt the phrase "large second," and for *semitone*, "small second," as proposed. As long as we are upon the surface of the science, this may do tolerably well; but suppose we attempt to go a little deeper, and to instruct the pupil in the mathematical ratios and proportions of the sounds of the scale, when elicited in perfect tune? In doing this, we shall have to speak of the key note, of the second, the third, and so on. We may imagine the instructor enlightening the pupil's understanding in the following very lucid manner. "The large second which lies between the first and second of the key, is greater than the large second which lies between the second and the third; the first large second (from the key-note to the second) having the ratio of 8:9, for distinction sake we will call a great large second; and the second large second (which occurs between the second and third) having the ratio of 9:10, we will denominate a small great second." Such a confusion of language is inevitable upon this new and *simplified* system and all to avoid a fancied inaccuracy in language, which has obtained currency for about two thousand years. Pythagoras and Euclid, and all the classical writers upon the subject, called the intervals in question tones; and it is now too late in the day to divest them of that appellation. Using this simple term, it is easy to make quite intelligible, even to an infant mind, the propositions just advanced in such a cloud of language. We have only to say that there are two kinds of tones, called respectively the greater and the lesser, and their ratios are 8:9 and 9:10, respectively, the greater tone lying between the first and second notes of the scale, and the smaller between the second and the third.

But not to weary you with such uninteresting matter, I will drop the subject after remarking thus much—that even if there were some small amendment in the proposed alterations of our technical nomenclature, it would still be far from conducive to the interests of the science to bring them into use, seeing that they must necessarily have the effect, either of rendering the numerous works of many learned and ingenious authors comparatively unintelligible, or of imposing upon the student the trouble of acquiring the use of a different phraseology to that which he has been accustomed to employ, not without the constant danger of falling into mistakes and misapprehensions from the changed senses in which many of the same words are put into requisition. Surely no

one will contend that American musical literature is yet strong enough to stand by itself; and, as surely, it is not likely to attain greater strength or currency by setting itself in opposition to the usages of past ages.

And here let me advert to the ban which has been attempted to be put upon the use of the tenor or *Clef*. This likewise may be represented as a very unimportant matter; and so truly it would be if the only object proposed were to enable an individual to sing or play his part correctly. But when the tenor part is written or printed with the *treble* clef, is there not just ground afforded for the extremely prevalent but erroneous opinion that the notes or sounds represented are identical with those of the treble voice, which would be written upon the same lines or spaces? The obstacle which this absurd usage has opposed to the dissemination of correct notions of harmony in this country is immense. And where was the need of it? I have found that even little children can acquire a knowledge of the proper clefs in a very few lessons. I have tested it in this very city. Yet we are to be told that men will not have the patience to learn their use, and therefore all the middle parts are almost invariably *transposed* to accommodate their ignorance and laziness. Hence we not unfrequently find in the preface of an otherwise respectable musical publication, an *apology* for the use of improper clefs, coupled with a statement that the publisher had assured the author or compiler, without this confessed impropriety, the work would not sell!

I know very well that I run the risk of being in some quarters charged with pedantry for the expression of such sentiments; but I have no apprehension of the consequences of bringing them before such an intelligent and respectable assembly as the present. Let them pass for as much as they are worth.

Music is the legitimate language of devotion. "I will praise unto the Lord as long as I live," says the Royal Psalmist, "I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being." (Psalm civ. 33.) What can be conceived a nobler appropriation of a science than thus to devote it to the service of the Author and Giver of all good? Alas! that it should ever be desecrated by a prostitution to the purposes of frivolity and vice. But music in the house of God is in its proper element, as the vehicle of our highest acts of praise and adoration at the throne of the heavenly grace. I need not go about to prove this proposition. The time has passed away when music, especially instrumental music was denounced by large bodies of nominal Christians as totally unfit to be admitted into religious ceremonies; and now almost by the common consent of all sects and denominations, we find the "sacred organ" (the epithet it will be remembered is Milton's) occupying a conspicuous place in every church which can command the funds requisite for its procurement.

But although the sacred use of the organ is thus all but universally recognized, there is by no means the same approach to unanimity with reference to the employment of other musical instruments in divine offices, nor even with regard to the style of music most becoming the sacred service of the church. Upon such questions, some latitude of opinion may well be permitted, without entailing any manner of necessity for our bringing "a railing accusation" against those who may conscientiously differ from us. Let us rather endeavour to find out how far we can agree to travel together, and when our paths separate, let us each go our several ways in peace: the musical world is large enough for us all.

The use then of what is called *plain psalmody*, is pretty well admitted on all hands. Here we all unite, at least in the principle. Yet when we go into the details, I do exceedingly doubt whether we could make a selection of as many as six psalm and hymn tunes which pertain alike to all the various denominations. Indeed, after naming one, the "Old Hundredth," I should be at a loss to name a second. How happens this? Psalmody in its original intendment was expressly designed to be performed by the whole congregation, no matter how numerous. At the era of the Reformation, sometimes as many as six thousand people were heard singing a psalm together at St. Paul's Cross in London. Even the majestic musical effect of such an immense body of voices, must have been overpowering. But those times are gone, and we have fallen upon an age of *refinement*. The old tunes were in the first place very few; and secondly they were of very simple structure; and lastly they embraced but a very limited compass. Hence they were quickly learnt, easily performed, and by being in daily use, never forgotten. Women sang them to their babes in the nursery, ploughmen and labourers whistled or hummed them over their work, the head of the household uniformly raised a psalm at family devotions; and, when the great assembly came together for public worship, the church was made to ring again with the aggregated voices of the entire congregation. But what a dismal change has come upon us since that time!—Instead of eight or ten tunes, adapted to about half as many metres, we have almost innumerable collections, each consisting not merely of dozens or scores, but generally of hundreds of tunes. Instead of the few metres which were originally introduced into the Protestant Church, such as "Long Metre," "Common," "Short," and barely two or three others, denominated "Peculiar," our religious poets have multiplied metrical forms among us until they amount I believe to nearly forty. In the collection of Psalms and Hymns authorized by the church which I have the honour to serve, there are no fewer than twenty-six, and I know that in some other collections there are various forms of versification which we have not in ours. Here then, in the multiplication of metres, and in the wonderful modern procreation of myriads of would-be psalm and hymn tunes, we have two of the main causes of the syncope with which our congregational singing is generally afflicted. Sins! it is overlaid, it is smothered,—it can never be expected to revive until this mass of rubbish shall have been swept away. You may erect magnificent organs; you may engage choirs of gifted performers (of whom, far be it from me to speak disparagingly); you may institute music schools and singing classes; you may appoint musical committees to oversee and control the whole;—and yet be scarcely a step nearer the mark than you are now, unless you at the same time recur to the pristine simplicity which characterized the melodies of past ages. So long as any man who has risen to the dignity of a chorister or chanter, and who string notes together and call them a tune, is at liberty to foist his *je-ne-sais-quoi* productions upon the public ear, and the public eye also (for he is seldom content until his marvellous works appear in print), so long will our congregational singing continue in its present paralyzed and degraded condition. But now that increasing attention is directed to the subject, there is ground to hope for better things. I am aware that there is danger in the attempt suddenly to revolutionize the music of a church. The power of association of ideas is great, and many of those persons who never even open their mouths to sing, may yet like to hear again and again a melody with which they have as it were formed an acquaintance. This danger therefore must be gradually overcome, by the slow (and if I may use the term) *intermittent* substitution of more ecclesiastical compositions.

But Psalmody, even when re-invigorated, cannot be justly considered as the only style of music admissible into the Christian Church. The lofty Anthem,

which from its complex or scientific character must be performed, if performed at all, by those who have made music more particularly their study than can be expected or required of the great body of Christian people, likewise claims its place. And upon this point, I doubt not some differences of opinion will arise. There are those who will contend that all the music in the Church should be congregational; grounding the proposition (if ground it have) upon the acknowledged Christian duty of all men to use their voices in the celebration of the praises of God. It is an acknowledged, but sadly neglected duty; and would that all our nominal Christians would consider it in that light, and prepare themselves accordingly, that they may "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." For, if it be a duty, surely it is equally a duty to perform it well. Shall we honor God by offering Him the halt, and the maimed and the blind? Shall we "enter into his gates" with discordant thanksgivings, and "come before His presence" with jarring praises and unmelodious songs,—when at least some cultivation of the vocal powers is within our reach, at the trifling expense of a little time and a little money? Surely this is not the way to perform a Christian duty. "He that made the ear, shall He not hear?" If we offer Him that which cost us nothing, how can we expect that it will be accepted?

But the acquisition of profound skill in music is certainly not to be expected or required of every man that raises his voice in the great congregation. Then comes the question, Shall those persons who have cultivated their talents, and attained to eminence as performers, either by voice or instrument, be permitted, invited, or encouraged, to employ their highest skill in the service of God? Answer the question in the negative, and you drive the peculiarly sacred science of music out of the Church, saving only in some of its lower developments. This exquisite talent, this high and commanding skill, lost in the Church, you may be well assured, will not lie dormant; it will inevitably be turned over into the service of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." But, answer the question affirmatively, and you give it its proper, its destined place. Now this order of talent cannot be exhibited amid the roar of hundreds or thousands of voices; plain plamody requires it not; that may have its sublimity, but the other enters more into the "beauty of holiness."

That such a principle has been tacitly received and acted upon, even by those who have not openly avowed it, is obvious from the introduction, under the guise of psalmody, of many compositions which do not at all partake of the psalmic character, but are to all intents and purposes set pieces, or anthems; the only difference being, that these are generally adapted to metrical words of human compilation, whilst the anthem is almost universally taken from the words of Holy Writ. Give the Anthem then its assigned place in the service, and you not only provide a proper outlet for the pious indulgence of taste and refinement (which the demands of the age require); but you also, by so doing remove one of the causes of the decay of psalmody itself, by rendering perfectly unnecessary the cultivation of that modern species of it, which, while it has retained the name, has totally lost the spirit and essence of that which it pretends to be. Music for a choir only, or even for merely one or two voices, is certainly not more incompatible with devotional edification, than a prayer uttered by a single speaker as the mouth-piece of the congregation. To the latter we all assent; why not the former?

But we will pass on to the consideration of the loftiest species of sacred music. I use the term "sacred music" here, to distinguish it from that which more strictly pertains to the stated services of the Church. The sacred Oratorio is not to be viewed in that light, but rather as a grand religious entertainment, in which all who combine piety with a cultivated musical taste may enjoy a foretaste, lamentably imperfect it is true, and not unalloyed with many earthly ingredients, but still a foretaste, of the cup of heavenly bliss. And although there may be some who would deprecate the occasional approbation of a church edifice to such an exhibition, I most respectfully claim the liberty to differ from them. If the subject be sacred, if the sentiments be unobjectionable, if the music be sublime and the product of the very highest efforts of genius, I cannot divine upon what principle it should be altogether excluded from the Church, except possibly upon some such alleged ground as this,—that the object of the composer was not the glory of God, but the display of his own abilities; or that he was an ungodly and wicked man; or that the performers (or at least many of them) may be classed in the same category. And first, let me handle this formidable objection as far as it applies to the composer; which, when examined, resolves itself into an assumption that an irreligious man cannot be instrumental in subserving the purposes of true devotion. But can such a proposition be maintained? May not a wicked carpenter construct a very good pulpit, from which the word of God may be faithfully delivered? When an ecclesiastical edifice is erected, do we, before we apply it to its sacred use, stop to inquire whether the architect, and the mason, and the hod-carriers, were all worthy and pious men? Or, to come a little nearer to the mark, let me ask whether, when we purchase a copy of the Bible, do we at all trouble ourselves to ascertain whether the paper maker who manufactured the material on which it is printed, or the printer, or the book binder, who contributed their respective quotas of mechanical skill to its production, were men of purity and holiness of life, Israelites indeed, in whom there was no guile? I think not.

But the defence of the sacred oratorio rests upon a more staple principle than that involved in these questions. Musical genius is one of the gifts of God—a species of inspiration, peculiarly adapted to, and evidently intended to be exerted in, the promotion of His glory amongst men. When therefore it is, if even but ostensibly, so employed, shall we interdict it because the gifted possessor may not have uniformly devoted his whole talent to the Church? We dare not do so. Balaam the son of Beor was confessedly a wicked man; yet his deeply pathetic and pious exclamation, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," embodies a sentiment which finds a response in every Christian heart. And were another ungodly man to set those words to appropriate and exquisitely touching music, no valid reason could be assigned why such a composition might not occasionally contribute to the edification of a pious assembly.

This, however, is taking an extreme case. In most instances we know nothing, or but little, of the character and conduct of the composers to whose works we may yet listen with unqualified delight. Shall we, before we again resign ourselves to such an innocent enjoyment, institute an investigation into the history of the author? As a matter of curious inquiry, this may unquestionably be done; but as affecting the character of the work itself, it is perfectly superfluous. It may have been noticed in the advertisements of this week, that I intend to take part in the performance of the Oratorio of David, on Friday next, in this house. The composer is the Chevalier Neukomm, a gentleman of whose personal history and private character I am not informed. Neither do I concern myself to ascertain it. It matters not, further than this, that I would gladly learn that he (and all men) had attained to the knowledge

of the truth, and adorned it by the whole tenor of their life and conversation. The language of Satan himself is quoted in Holy Writ, and read from the sacred desk for our edification.

And in this place and connection, I must not omit to speak of the immortal oratorios of the renowned Handel; as yet, with the exception of the "Messiah" and a few detached pieces, so little known in this country. An impression, I am told, has gone abroad that Handel was a man of profane and profligate character. Methinks the disembodied spirit of that great man, could it be conscious of the stigma thus attempted to be affixed to his memory, would leave for a moment the realms of light, and love, and harmony, where, as I trust, he is still employed in hymning his Redeemer's praises, to repel with holy indignation the base and uncharitable imputation. His works, to my mind, furnish internal evidence to the contrary. All his later years (and he lived to an extended period) were devoted to the cause of religion and virtue. The very number of his works, a single copy of each of which would almost suffice to load an ordinary cart, abundantly proves that he could not have been a dissipated man. The exquisite taste and feeling with which he has set such words as "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," a song which embodies the very soul of religious pathos; and the bold, majestic, sublime structure of his well known "Hallelujah" chorus (to instance but two out of his numerous similar productions), are sufficient indications that he was capable of the most devout emotions. But these chastened affections were not, with him, merely transitory; they pertained to his settled and habitual character, at least in the later period of his life. I am happy to be able to quote evidence to this effect from the pen of one of his biographers, a distinguished presbyter of the Church of England. Speaking of Handel's latter days, Archdeacon Coxe says, "He frequently declared in conversation the high gratification he enjoyed in setting the Scriptures to music, and how greatly he was edified by contemplating the sublime passages abounding in the sacred writings. From the same motive he was regular in his attendance on divine service, at his parish church near Hanover Square, where his devout posture of humility, and earnestness of voice and gesture, avowing his faith, acknowledging his errors, and appealing to his Maker for mercy, were strongly impressive." (Anecdotes of Handel 4to., 1799, p. 28.)

A little further, the same writer adds: "Handel's religious disposition was not a mere display, it was productive of religion's best fruit, charity; and this liberal sentiment not only influenced him in the day of prosperity, but even when standing on the brink of ruin." The venerable author proceeds to detail some particular instances, which I need not now enumerate. Suffice it to state, upon the authority of Dr. Burney, that his benefactions, direct and indirect, to one charitable institution alone—the Foundling Hospital in London—amounted to the sum of £6935, or very nearly thirty-five thousand dollars; and this in his lifetime: that he presented the chapel of that hospital with an organ besides; and at his death not only bequeathed to it his great work, the Oratorio of the Messiah, but left its musical exhibitions in such a train, that several other thousands of dollars were, within a few years after his decease, added to its funds from that cause alone. He had for many years been in the habit of making handsome remittances in money for the support of the widow of his old teacher Zachau, which he continued until his death; and at his decease he bequeathed £1000 to the fund for the support of decayed musicians. Is this a man at whose memory we shall cast a stone, because he was not absolutely immaculate?

It is the misfortune of those who attain to eminence in any walk of life, that their foibles are sure to be hunted up and exposed to the gaze of the multitude. Handel wanted not for enemies nor for snarlers, who took but too much pleasure in prying into his peccadilloes with the magnifying-glass of envy and detraction. All that they were able to bring to light, however, was the fact that he was subject to some of the infirmities of less distinguished men—that he was occasionally petulant and wrathful, when musical matters were not managed to his satisfaction, sometimes even venting his rage in words which, but for his imperfect pronunciation of the English language, would be termed swearing (a vice, by the bye, much more common in genteel life in his days than it is now); and that he was a great eater, and rather epicurean in his choice of viands. Few men who have made so much noise in the world could suffer so rigid a scrutiny into their private life, and come out of it so comparatively unscathed, as Handel. Let us not then be told that his music is not to be tolerated in the Church on the ground of lack of excellence in the author. His name and his immortal works will live, when the very dust of the bones of his modern detractors shall have been scattered to the four winds of heaven.

I trust that it will not be imagined, from any sentiment I have advanced, that I would wish to vindicate the employment of profane characters in churches, as organists, or musical directors, or choristers, or singers, or even as bellows-blowers. Few indeed would be much more scrupulous on such a point than I profess to be myself; nevertheless I would strongly urge the propriety of exercising a charitable judgment in this particular. Even upon the low consideration of the advantage derived to the performances viewed merely as exhibitions of art, it is evident, that where the performers enter into the duty with heart and soul, other qualifications being equal, the effect must far transcend that produced by unwilling hirelings, whose minds are wandering to the ends of the earth, rather than being absorbed in the sacred service in which they are ostensibly engaged. Would that all musicians, but more especially all connected with the Church, went to their respective duties in a playful spirit, remembering the awful presence in which they stand! Were this so, small indeed would be the danger of wanton and irreverent conduct in the organ-loft or in the singing gallery; small indeed would be the danger of the introduction of light and flippant airs, ballad-tunes, and opera dances, merely because they are "pretty," into the house of God, as fit vehicles for the musical devotions of the worshippers, and the gross impropriety of which called down the sarcastic remark of one of our poets, that they seem intended to

—make the soul mount on a jig to heav'n."

I chanced the other day to light on an anonymous pamphlet, printed in the year 1753, which contains some pertinent remarks upon this head, which by your kind permission I will quote (although I fear I have already made too heavy a draught upon your patience); after which I will draw to a close.

The writer says: "But can they who are thus bred, thus taught, thus instructed to sing the Lord's song, to celebrate His praise, to proclaim His power and greatness instead of being examples of piety and virtue, be patterns of vice and immorality, and by bad principles and bad practices, disgrace their profession, and bring that useful, that venerable and laudable institution into contempt, which was wisely designed for our good, for our improvement in virtue, for our advancement in piety and religion, and for our encouragement as well as perseverance in this, the highest, the noblest and the most elevated part of Divine Worship, the blessing, praising, and adoring the Great and Almighty Sovereign of the Universe?"

"Is any man so rash, so lost, so abandoned to all sense of virtue and reli-

gion, so preposterous, so inconsistent with himself, with reason, with common sense, and the obligations he is under!—If there is such a man (but I hope there is not), let him renounce his profession, and be anything but a musician, or one employed in the service of church." (p. 10)

One more quotation. The same writer, speaking of the qualifications of an organist (in which idea he evidently includes that of the leader or musical director of a choir, according to the usage of England, where the mighty Handel was accustomed to lead immense bands as well orchestral as choral with the organ, and where after his decease the same duty was performed in a like manner by Mr. Bates, at the grand commemoration in Westminster Abbey, although the performers exceeded a thousand in number,) says, p. 24:

"It is not enough for an organist to know the properties of concord and discords, how to proportion sound to time, or to distinguish critically the harmony of any music or composition; but he must also know how to move the passions, to raise the affections; and by forming just ideas of the subject he is upon, to adapt his music not to the style of an opera, but to the language of Scripture, that is, not only to the sense and meaning of what he plays to, but to the solemnity of Divine Worship, and to animate, not to interrupt the minds of those that hear him."

"But this requires attention, some consideration and reflection. An Organist therefore should be a prudent man, a man of conduct and discretion, and as he is employed in the service of the church, careful to introduce nothing into it, but what is fit and proper, useful and instructive. He should or ought to be conversant with the Scriptures, to be well acquainted with the language of it, I mean so far only as by some good expositor, is necessary to enable him to set forth and display the glorious attributes and perfections of God."

Alas! These are high requirements; but who shall say them nay! Whether we reach them or not, much good must accrue from the bare attempt to attain them.

THE GUINEA TRADE.

BY ROBERT PORTANS.

It sometimes happens that the wind and tide confederate together, and make a joint attack upon the sea-beach between Walmer and Deal on the Kentish coast, and although it is impossible to discover the entire effects produced by this occult alliance, yet it appears their main intention is to steal away the coating of live shingle (as the moveable rounded pebbles are called) with which that shore is usually covered; preparing at the same time, a smooth, compact, sandy floor for "old ocean" to gambol upon. The delinquents, however, are not permitted to retain their booty; for nature, by changing their direction, dissolves the league, and thus mysteriously restores the shingle to the beach again.

Whilst rambling along near the sea's marge, during the subsidence of a combined gale and tide of the above description, enjoying the luxury of exercise upon the smooth, hard sand, my attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a well known countenance of a cherished friend of my earliest days. The poor fellow was lying on his back, half obscured by the fringe of foam which the yeasty waves had flung upon the shore around him, and had evidently been cast away by the violence of the then expiring gale. To rescue him from his perilous position became the first impulse of my nature, as I was well aware the loss society would sustain if he were washed away to sea again, when luckily another dash of a rolling breaker flung him almost at my feet in comparative security.

Scarcely crediting my senses at the strange and unexpected manner of our meeting, I mechanically stooped down to examine his features more minutely, thinking I might be deceived—no, the reality was complete, it was the same radiant countenance, as when he first came forth from the hands of his maker; time and the cares of a busy working world had left his placid brow unfurrowed; the same sterling worth as of yore shone in every lineament; and, as the current of reflection insensibly glided along the stream of time to the blissful period of our first intimacy, and back again down to the stern realities of our singular meeting, the bitterness of the contrast humbled me exceedingly. Vicissitude had done its work on me. I had formed new preferences, but my new facilities for enjoying life were all of a lighter species, and if "weighed in the balances" against the sterling worth and weight of metal of my cast-away friend "would be found wanting;" however, being convinced of his identity, and valuing him at his weight in gold, I cautiously scanned the neighbourhood, and seeing no spectators near, I picked up my old companion, wiped the sand and foam from his face, kissed him affectionately, and put him in my waistcoat pocket.

"Pshaw!" said I aloud, after walking a few paces, "there was no need of circumsppection; the waif was lawfully mine. The Lord Warden and Cinque Ports combined could not divide us."—It was a Guinea.

I felt a pleasurable emotion on finding the coin, arising not so much on account of its value, as from the feeling that fortune had selected me out of the thousands in the neighbourhood as her particular favourite on the occasion; and this gratifying sensation is further aided by a peculiar faculty of the intellect pertinent to the event; for nature with that lavish benevolence which is so conspicuously shown in the construction of the mind, has endowed us with the pleasing emotions of surprise and wonder, in order to arrest our attention to wards a new or unexpected event; and these states of sweet bewilderment gradually giving place to active curiosity, prompts inquiry into the history of the newly found object; and following insensibly this educational process of the mind, I began to wonder how it came to pass that my golden friend was a cast-away upon the sea shore at Deal. Perhaps it formed part of a sailor's prize money, and dropped from his overgorged pocket when paying his boat hire,—for all travellers, from Julius Cæsar downwards, have hitherto stepped from the boat to that bold shore; piers and jetties are useless there,—all alike must wet shoe leather on landing. But idle conjecture ill suited the active state of my temperament, so I walked on, twirling my guinea in the air, when, suddenly catching it in my palm,—"Happiness," thought I, "is only half enjoyed when enjoyed alone;" and observing a knot of boatmen idly chatting in the noontide sun, I joined them, and told my lucky adventure.

"Ah!" exclaimed one of them, as soon as he had examined the coin, "it's one of Starlight Tom's guineas."

"Starlight Tom's guinea!" said I, slightly discomposed at the ready manner he found an owner for my treasure trove. "Who is Starlight Tom, my good friend?"

"Sure as fate," said a second, "It's another of Starlight Tom's guineas."

"I know it by the spade," said a third.

"Starlight Tom," and "know it by the spade," were but riddling answers to my anxious questions; but, heedless of my perplexity, the coin flew swiftly from one boatman to another, and after hearing my evidence as to the whereabouts of the finding, the unanimous verdict of the marine jury was, that I had

picked up one of "Starlight Tom's" guineas, but who "Starlight Tom" was, or what he had to do with the guinea in question, was information I gained by piecemeal from the B-bel-kind of description each boatman gave of the affair. And to render it intelligible, it is necessary to pray the readers attention to that period of the late war when France, under Napoleon, was marching her victorious legions from one end of Europe to the other. Guineas were then bought and sold at exorbitant prices, as much as twenty-eight and even thirty shillings a-piece were given for them, and buyers then realized thirty per cent. when smuggled to Gravelines; for this service boats were built at Deal expressly for the "Guinea trade," long, narrow, six, eight, and ten oared galleys, and manned by men of muscle and endurance.

The Emperor Napoleon fostered this illicit traffic by every means in his power: he caused buildings to be erected at Gravelines for the use of the boatmen employed in the guinea trade, and every facility for landing and embarking was given by the French authorities; and the singular spectacle of an English boat running under the guns of a French fort for protection from an English cruiser, frequently occurred.

The Government of England, however, declared the trade contraband, and treasure found under certain suspicious circumstances was liable to confiscation; but the prospect of gain so excited the cupidity of individuals, that speculators were easily found, prepared to run all hazards, and, in defiance of the law, to export the precious metal, and the Deal boatmen, as the most daring smugglers on the coast, were selected as the fittest instruments to put their plans in execution.

To perfectly comprehend the obstacles they had to surmount, it must be borne in mind that the revenue cruisers of England, stimulated by the keen activity of private zeal, were constantly on the watch, prowling about, eager to snap up the precious freight; and if to their opposition be added the temptation of large sums of the most covetable coin in the world, silent, but not the less powerful seductions, which these lawless men had constantly to resist, and that too, in the most opportune place for managing a fraud with impunity—the solitude of the wide ocean—when even a plausible tale of a chase and plunder by a roving privateer would suffice to silence all inquiry with those to whom inquiry was forbidden by the lawless nature of their compact. If, therefore, in spite of all these impediments and temptations, they were uniformly successful and honest in their lawless traffic towards their employers, we are bound to admit they acquitted themselves with a courageous fidelity worthy of a nobler cause, and have deprived us of the means of judging of their moralities by the ordinary mode of comparison.

Foremost among a host of daring men engaged in the contraband guinea trade was "Starlight Tom," a man of gigantic proportions and strength, of great volume of muscle and capable of surpassing endurance; his fame as a smuggler and seaman gave him pre-eminence even with the skilful boatmen of the Kentish coast; and their reputation as stout-hearted mariners is bounded only by the confines of the world.

Like most men whose occupation is evading the revenue, Starlight Tom had two characters and it much depended from whom the information came, what his complexion would be. Thus, if seen through such a light as a collector of customs would show him in, we should see a shadow cast upon his virtues, and his vices brought out in strong relief; but there were those who knew him as a friend, and deemed him worthy of that sacred name.

Having premised thus much, the reader is placed in a situation to comprehend the subjoined account of Starlight Tom's last adventure, and its connection with the guinea—so fortunately restored to society.

In a small snug parlour in one of those old weatherbeaten houses on the beach at Deal, assembled round a substantial oak table, sat three individuals: two of them, from their appearance, were hardy, grave-looking seamen in the prime of manhood; the third was a middle-aged man, whose pale, care-worn countenance strongly contrasted with the bronzed, iron-looking men beside him. The trio were busily engaged sifting up new spade guineas in heaps of tens, hundreds, and thousands; and when a mass amounted to the latter sum, it was put into a leather bag, and carefully sealed by the pale looking man before mentioned. Excepting the chirping sound of the guineas as they struck against each other in the counting nothing was heard save that golden harmony: it seemed that the heaps of coin had produced in them a profound emotion. The window of the room in which they were sitting faced the sea,—indeed it may be said the house was almost in that element, for at high water the tide washed round the base of the piles upon which the parlour was perched, and the gurgling sound of the restless surges, as they whirled in eddies beneath the room, warned the money-tellers the sea was nearly at its height.

From this window an ample view of the Downs charmed the eye, and the immense roadstead, being dotted with a fleet of English men of war, and a forest of merrymen, lying at anchor, gave it the bustle and activity of a place of great naval resort. Close to the water's edge, immediately beneath the window, lay a long, snake-like galley, of a most delicate build. As a model of symmetry and beauty she would have arrested the attention of the commonest observer, and if curious to learn how such a choice specimen of skill was christened, he would have found traced on her stern, in neat letters of gold, "The Blue-Eyed Maid." Her nose was already in the water, and a practised eye could detect that the oars, eight in number, were in a position for instant use, while, assembled at her stern, was a cluster of athletic men who occasionally cast anxious glances at the window of the room above described.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the occupants of the parlour and the men round the galley were the smuggler Starlight Tom, and his boat's crew, and the careworn man the London agent, arranging with the contrabandists the terms of the adventure.

As the nature of the compact between the parties was implicit faith on the one side, and accepted trust on the other, action supplied the place of words, and twenty thousand guineas in a score of leather bags, were consigned to the custody of the smugglers in the silent confidence of good faith; and, as each man took his seat in the boat, he deposited at his feet that portion of the gold entrusted to him, for the safety of which he was held responsible; and these preliminaries concluded, they launched the galley, hoisted a light sail, and commenced running over a lee tide for the French port of Gravelines.

It was as necessary to elude the vigilance of the men-of-war lying in the Downs as the prying eye of a revenue-cruiser, and Starlight Tom by steering "The Blue-Eyed Maid" direct for the British fleet, disarmed suspicion by that bold manoeuvre holding on his course direct for the Goodwin, thereby inducing the belief that his present business was connected with those sands, it being the practice of the Deal men to go hovelling there, to be in readiness to assist any unfortunate barque accidentally stranded. His scheme so far succeeded—line-of-battle ships, frigates, sloops, and smaller craft were passed in safety.

An attentive observer would have noticed that, as the galley cleared the British fleet and began to near the sands, a cutter, with a tall tapering mast and a powerful spread of canvas, emerged from the cluster of shipping in the mazes of which she had been hidden, and so shaped her course as to place herself between that boat and the coast of France; she was, however, at such a distance that although seen by the wary smugglers she gave them no alarm, and Starlight Tom, to keep up appearances, on arriving at the Goodwin, hove his vessel to, intending to wait until the night should close in, and then, under its protecting shade, to steal across the channel for his destined port.

It is necessary now to notice the movements of the cutter so recently alluded to, as she had a baneful influence upon the future fate of the galley and her crew.

The repeated success of Starlight Tom in running guineas to France had become so notorious that orders had been secretly given from headquarters to catch the contrabandist at all hazards, but fortune had always favoured him; in vain had the captains of the revenue-cruisers exhausted all their cunning to entrap him in their hands, so secret and prompt had all his actions been they always proved abortive; and it was only on his return from a successful trip that the outwitted officers knew that another freight of gold had slipped through their fingers; but one traitor in the council is more to be feared than a score of enemies in the field, and treachery had sealed the doom of Starlight Tom. He was betrayed.

The captain of "The Speculation," for so was the cutter named, had received notice from a partizan of the smugglers, that a cargo of guineas was intended to be run that night, and consequently, when the galley put off from the beach, he knew she was "The Blue Eyed Maid," and that her freight was gold; and overjoyed at the prospect of taking the richly loaded vessel, he could barely refrain from steering at once towards her. But the cooler counsel of his mate advised him to let her get into deep water before he made the attempt, well knowing if the smugglers had the least suspicion of his intended approach, they would ply their oars and escape, for the galley in a light wind and smooth sea could set the cutter at defiance. Still, as the night closed in, it became necessary to obtain a closer position, so as to keep her in view. "The Speculation" was accordingly insensibly stripped of her canvas, sail after sail, until she lost her headway, and the tide gradually drifted her towards the unsuspecting smugglers. This cautious mode of proceeding, although fraught with wisdom, was to the feverish imagination of the revenue captain a work of ages; but as he approached the galley, an indication of a freshening breeze soothed his impatience, for the cutter, in opposition to her victim, required a strong wind to force her rapidly through the sea.

"Get your arms ready, men," he almost shouted with joy, at the prospect of taking so rich a prize; "I know Starlight Tom too well to suppose he will allow us to ease him of his guineas without a blow, so let us be ready. Ha! what is he suspicious of our company already! By Heavens! he's running up his mainsail, and, as I'm a sinner, if the cunning rascal isn't steering for the sand." In an instant the captain of "The Speculation" comprehended the intention of the smugglers, and half mad with rage and disappointment, he thundered out to his men. "Hoist the peak of the mainsail, hoist there, at the throat halyards, hoist away! pack the canvas on her, or yon nimble vagabond will get clear away with his gold mine in spite of us."

The game had now commenced in earnest: it appeared the vigilance of the galley's crew had warned them of the slow approach of "The Speculation." The wary contrabandists had not allowed their previous success to rob them of their circumspection, and further admonished by the freshening breeze, they hoisted their sail and stood in towards the shoals of the sands, where the heavier cutter, on account of her draught of water, could not follow: and, hoping to overtake her before she reached that place of comparative safety. "The Speculation" was forced through the water by her disappointed captain at her greatest speed; but it was soon evident that Starlight Tom would reach the protecting shallows without molestation, and having thus unmasked the sly intentions of his enemy, he determined to try a dangerous mode of ultimate escape, but one which, from its danger, promised to be successful.

It is essential, clearly to understand the following manoeuvres, to state that the Goodwin Sand at certain periods of the tide is intersected by narrow channels, or, as they are locally named, "Swathways;" being, in fact, small salt-water rivulets, having a depth of water varying with the state of the tide, in which small boats can navigate across from deep water to deep water; but, as the nature of the Goodwin is that of a constantly shifting sand, these channels or "swathways," are liable to change their direction also.

The ready intelligence of the smuggler, therefore, told him when "The Speculation" commenced an active chase, aided by a freshening breeze, that his only chance of escape consisted in running into one of these "swathways," and, if possible, to cross the sand, by which stratagem an impassable barrier would be placed between him and his pursuer; judging, from the state of the tide, that it would be impossible to force a vessel with a draught of water equal to "The Speculation," through the intricate and shallow windings of the sands.

In sporting phrase, the game had now fairly run to earth; and the revenue-captain had the mortification of witnessing Starlight Tom and his golden cargo enter one of these narrow channels, and, in a serpentine course, worm his way into the very heart of the Goodwin; he was further tortured with the knowledge that if success crowned his bold attempt, an uninterrupted sea was open to him for France. Tantalized by the dilemma in which he was placed, he saw from the deck of "The Speculation" the slow but certain progress of the galley up the "swathway;" at times she appeared to stick fast, but the crew leaped into the water, and the light vessel thus relieved of her weight, and further assisted by their strength, was lifted, forced and drawn within a few hundred feet of the opposite side of the sand, and the deep clear blue of the main ocean was distinctly visible; but there her further progress was impeded, the channel dwindled away gradually, becoming narrower and shallower, until finally it was impossible to force the boat another inch. She was in a *cul-de-sac*.

The situation of "The Blue-Eyed Maid" appeared irretrievable; to advance was impossible, and if she attempted to return down the channel she would run into the hands of her enemy, and to remain upon the sands for any length of time was certain death to all on board. Never at any period of his dangerous career, did the contrabandist more require his skill and judgment, and Starlight Tom was not the man to despair, he would have commanded in any station of life; cool, taciturn, and brave, the effects of discipline were visible in all his actions; a becoming severity was usually maintained in his department, and most implicit obedience was shown by his attentive crew. It was his pride to perform the most daring feats in imposing silence, but it was a silence that exhibited the calmness of strength—the ruling influence of wisdom; he permitted no unseasonable advices from those under his command,

and as he was always the first to step into the lap of danger, he enforced by example the duty of others, without a tumult—without a murmur.

"Hold!" said he, as his willing crew strived to urge the boat over the sand towards the sea; "it is useless labour, we have done all men can do; we must now arm, for while life remains in me, the captain of that cruiser shall never touch one of those guineas. What say you, my boys, are you willing to fight, or do you wish to serve the King?"

The looks which the excited smugglers gave their leader were significant enough to such a man as Starlight Tom who, feeling convinced he had eight resolute men to back him, prepared to defend the treasure entrusted to his care at the expense of his life.

Much as the revenue-captain desired to take the smuggling galley and her costly cargo, he felt it was impossible at present from the deck of "The Speculator;" she was out of the range of his guns, and he hesitated to launch his boat and follow her up the "swathway." He knew Starlight Tom and his sinewy crew too well not to have a wholesome dread of grappling such men in a hand-to-hand fight, when under the maddening influence of desperation; he had other views which promised to be more safe, and which would take the galley and her crew at a disadvantage. As soon, therefore, as he saw her further progress up the "swathway" was impeded, with the ready tact of a seaman he guessed the cause, and at once determined to sail round the point of the Goodwin to its other side, judging that as the galley was nearly across he should then be able to approach sufficiently near to bring the smugglers within the range of his guns, and, under their protection, to land his small boat and ride "The Blue Eyed Maid" in comparative safety.

This plan of operation was open to one objection, it left the mouth of the channel open for a retreat; but as the tide was rapidly falling, he reasoned that that which was difficult of performance half-an-hour past, would soon be impossible, and like all active-minded men he conceived and put his plan into execution promptly; and filling the cutter's sails he shaped his course for the opposite side of the sand.

The manoeuvre did not escape the attention of the wary smugglers; they penetrated the design of their enemy, and at a glance saw how deadly the effect of his shot would be upon them in their exposed situation, and the only course left for their adoption was retracing their passage down the "swathway;" and although the tide had ebbed considerably, they prudently allowed "The Speculation" sufficient time to sail round the head or spit of the sand, before they attempted to force the galley towards deep water.

The only part of "The Blue Eyed Maid" visible on board of the revenue-cruiser was her mast, the hull being hidden from their view by the slightly raised banks of the narrow channel, the smugglers, therefore, unshipped it, the better to mask their motions; they flung every article out of the boat not necessary for their safety, even the bags of guineas were slung round the necks of the men who, stationing themselves round the sides of the lightened vessel, commenced their downward passage. The distance to the mouth of the "swathway" being about a mile in a straight direction; but the winding of the channel made it about one-third more.

Stripped to the waist, the brawny smugglers heaved and toiled, and foot by foot the grating keel was dragged along the surface of the stubborn sand, and at last with great labour she was brought near the opening into deep water. So far their progress had been unseen from the deck of the cutter, but the protecting banks gradually falling away as they approached the sea, the success of their labours was suddenly unveiled to the astonished gaze of the captain of the revenue-cruiser, who once more saw his prey slipping through his fingers, for by the operations just described the parties had only changed sides, the impassable Goodwin was still between them. Nothing daunted, however, that persevering officer saw intuitively he must go round the head of the sand again; and once more the graceful vessel, obedient to the impulse of those commanding her, flew with increased velocity over the track she so recently had passed, for the wind which had been gradually rising during the manoeuvres, had reached a pitch which mariners call a summer's gale.

With the freshening breeze and rising sea, the aspect of affairs had changed, and Starlight Tom saw that all attempts to reach Gravelines must be abandoned, and the only chance of saving the guineas consisted in a rapid flight to Deal. Meanwhile "The Speculation" was flying through the sea towards the spot where the smugglers were straining every nerve to launch "The Blue-Eyed Maid."

"With a will, men!" shouted Starlight Tom; "all together, heave! there she goes—again so!" and cheering on his men, once more she was afloat, but not until their enemy had arrived at that distance which even their own iron nerves told them was too near to be pleasant. Shipping their mast with nimble fingers, they turned her bows towards the town, and, staggering under a large mainsail, away she danced over the combings of the sea; "The Speculation," a crowd of canvas above and foam below, plunging along directly in her wake, about a mile astern, in hot pursuit.

Onwards came the cruiser, swooping before the breeze, but she was built to stand the rude buffets of the wind and sea in their angry moods, and gained upon the delicately-moulded "Blue Eyed Maid" rapidly; and by the time they had reached within a mile of the town, was near enough to try the effect of her small-arms. The sea was running fearfully high for such a boat as the smugglers to contend with, and the spray flew from the crests of the waves like a snow-drift; however, the rolling of the sea, and the unsteadiness of the mark, rendered their shot harmless, but this could not last long, as every minute lessened the distance between the two vessels, and shortly after, as the galley was driven almost on end by a huge sea, bang went a gun and a shot whistled amongst the smugglers; still not a word came from the fugitives; again, and again, the bullets from "The Speculation" flew with fearful effect in the midst of them, and blood began to flow freely from several of the men. Still they held on their course, regardless of the shot, steered by the resolute Starlight Tom.

The two vessels were now near enough to be within hail, and the hoarse summons of the revenue-captain was heard, commanding them to surrender; the sound of his enemy's voice was so close, that even Starlight Tom involuntarily turned his head to assure himself of the reality, and thereby discerning his grinning face as he was in the act of ramming home his gun to have another shot at him; he saw that in a few minutes, unless he complied, he would be either shot or run down. He addressed his men as follows—

"The chance is against us," said he; "you all know your duty under circumstances like the present. If you are prepared, out with your knives, but wait for the command."

The men soon grasped their knives, anxiously keeping their eyes upon their leader, who appeared to alter his intention of avoiding the revenue-cruiser, for shaping the course of his own boat, he allowed "The Speculation" to range alongside, and then, when the captain was about to jump on board "The Blue-

Eyed Maid to claim her as his prize, the stern command of Starlight Tom was heard in loud derision above the gale itself, "Cut their throats, my men, and disappoint him of his booty."

With an alacrity, quickened by hatred of the man who had caused them so much toil, the knives of the contrabandists gleamed before the eyes of the astonished captain, when each smuggler seizing his heap of gold severed the neck of the leather bag, and poured the glittering coins into the sea, and thus in an instant he saw twenty thousand guineas vanish from his grasp; and Starlight Tom, feeling that with the loss of the treasure he had nothing to fear from the revenue-cruiser, he permitted his boat to be boarded without offering the least resistance.

Notwithstanding Starlight Tom had foiled the revenue-captain and baulked his enemy of a prize which would have enriched him for life, yet was he from that hour a fallen man; he had failed with his employers, and, like many greater men, he could not brook adversity; for grief is a burden which the broadest shoulders are the least capable of bearing, and conscience often pricks sharpest in the bluntest men—thus it was with him. After beaching his boat he appeared, as my informant said, "bewildered;" and, taking a lingering look at his lovely "Blue-Eyed Maid," condemned and useless as she lay upon the shingle, he seemed to think "his occupation was gone;" and shortly after he was seen by one of his old associates walking away from the town on the Dover road, and from that hour his fate is a mystery, for he was never heard of again.

He is, however, occasionally recalled to the memory of the present race of boatmen when the wind and tide casts ashore a stray coin from the glittering heap he flung into the sea; but it must not be understood that they positively affirm the spade guineas, sometimes found on the beach, to be the same he cast away; but in the absence of better demonstrations, the reader, by the laws of reason, is requested to adopt the most probable conjecture as the *heir-apparent* to truth.

I have since discovered that spade guineas were so called in consequence of the royal arms being contained in a shield, which bears a resemblance to a pointed spade.

TRADE, ETC.

ON THE ORIGIN OF MONEY AND THE NATURE OF EXCHANGE.

"A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things."—Solomon.

The fact is indisputable that mere crude metal was weighted as money long anterior to its formation into coin. "Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current with the merchant;" now, the shekel was a weight centuries before it was a coin; 3,000, according to Arbuthnot, being equal to a talent; and the word "current" may be understood more fitly by sterling, as being unalloyed, of right assay; the word "sterling," as we need hardly remark, being a corruption of *Easterling*, so termed from the money of Eastern Germany, which was remarkably pure, and therefore in request, at a period when our own coinage was excessively corrupt. We all remember, too, how Brennus the Gaul flung his heavy sword into the scales, that were too puerily weighing the ransom of Rome; and similar instances need not be multiplied. Unminted bullion as a legalized medium of exchange, is not less a modern than it has been an ancient expedient; for it has been revived in our own times by Mr. Ricardo, although the project was abortive and dropped immediately, only one brick of gold weighing sixty ounces, and impressed with a sovereign stamp, having been made and issued for foreign commerce; a leaden model of this, gilt to resemble the original, is now in the British Museum. We are informed, on such authority as that of Suidas, that money of leather and of shells was once used by the Romans; and by Cedrenus, that wood was also employed by them for the same purpose. Aristides says that leather money was once current at Carthage, and Seneca makes the same remark on Sparta. We are told, on authority somewhat more considerable, that iron was used in the same manner at Sparta, at Clazomenæ, at Byzantium, and at Rome, and tin also, by Dionysius of Syracuse. The Dutch have minted pasteboard; our old exchequer tallies might be called in some sort wooden money; James II. coined gun-metal; in 1690 we had a tin coinage to the extent of £70,000; lead and pewter have circulated largely as tradesmen's tokens; the Malays have a currency of beetle-nuts, the Madagascar people of almonds, the African tribes cowrie-shells, the inhabitants of Yucatan certain seeds of plants, and the original settlers in Massachusetts accounted "musket-balls, full bore," a legal tender; so lately as in 1803, *teste* Captain Marryatt, deer-skins at the stated value of 40 cents per pound were a legalised means of barter at Cincinnati, and if proffered instead of money could not be refused.

The word coin is derived from the Greek word signifying common or current, and occurs on some Greek money, nominally of Alexander but really of the Roman emperor Philip. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding high civilization, there appears to have existed no money in Egypt anterior to the Persian occupancy. Cash does not seem to have entered into the calculations of a Pharaoh, and nothing like a coin is found upon sculptures or papyri; Joseph's "money for the corn" need not have been other than personal ornaments; and although there are extant an abundance of circular seals or "cartouches" stamped on burnt clay, we nowhere see the idea carried on to the precious metals.

The earliest known coins, or at least those now in being, bore the indented square, as the moneys of Ægina; to this soon succeeded simple incusion, as the wheat ear of Metapontum, and the bull's head of Phocis. In the progress of coinage silver seems to have taken precedence, and to have been in its utmost purity at Athens, which had no gold coins of her own, but contented herself with the Cyzicenes and Daries of her neighbours, and governed the money market of the ancient world by the standard of her own just currency. Copper followed at an early period—perhaps almost simultaneously—to answer the demand for subdivision, though Athens issued silver coins no heavier than two grains; and gold, in a race almost equal, was probably the last; all being of very pure standard, far exceeding modern notions of a just assay.

By degrees an improvement was made even in coined money, and the mode of remittances and exchanges by *Bills* was adopted.

The subject of Exchanges is by many considered abstruse, if not unintelligible. In itself it is neither. It is a plain, straightforward matter, as simple as the dealings in corn or sugar. It is merely an affair of adjusting prices between the buyer and seller, as in the common markets; with this exception, that as the buyers and sellers of different countries use the moneys of those countries to pay an exact sum, a calculation must be made to what the amount in the one sort is equal, at such time, in the other.

When the *Exchange* between two places, such as London and Paris, is at *Par*, it is said to be a sign that the debts due from London to Paris are compensated by those due from Paris to London. On the contrary, when a *Pre-*

mium is paid at London for a bill upon Paris, it is said to be a sign that the debts due from London to Paris are not compensated by those due from Paris to London, but that a balance in money must be sent out from the latter place; for the risk, trouble, and expense of exporting which, the premium is both demanded and given. But the ordinary state of debt and credit between those two cities must necessarily be regulated, it is said, by the ordinary course of their dealings with one another. When neither of them imports from the other to a greater amount than it exports to that other, the debts and credits of each may compensate one another. But when one of them exports to that other, the former necessarily becomes indebted to it. The debts and credits of each do not compensate one another, and money must be sent out from that place of which the debts overbalance the credits. The ordinary course of exchange, therefore, being an indication of the ordinary state of debt and credit between two places, must likewise be an indication of the ordinary course of their exports and imports, as these necessarily regulate that state.

The ordinary state of debt and credit between any two places is not always entirely regulated by the ordinary course of their dealings with one another; but it is often influenced by that of the dealings of either with many other places.

The just and true exportations for moneys, by bills, is *par pro pari*, or value for value.

In foreign exchange, one place always gives another a fixed sum or piece of money for a variable price. The former is called the *certain price*, and the latter the *uncertain price*. Thus, London is said to give to Paris the *certain* for the *uncertain*, that is, the pound sterling for a variable number of francs; and to Spain the *uncertain* for the *certain*, that is, a variable number of pence sterling, for the dollar of exchange. The uncertain price, as quoted at any time, is called the *Rate*, or *Course of Exchange*.

When the demand on London for bills on Paris is great, a smaller number of francs is given for the pound sterling, and the contrary; and when there is a demand for bills on Spain, a greater number of pence sterling must be given for the dollar, and the contrary.

The *Par of Exchange* may be considered under two general heads, viz., the *Intrinsic Par* and the *Commercial Par*, each of which admits of subordinate divisions.

The *Intrinsic Par* is the value of the money of one country compared with that of another, with respect both to weight and fineness.

The *Commercial Par* is the comparative value of the moneys of different countries, according to the weight, fineness, and market prices of the metals.

Thus two sums of different countries are *intrinsically at par*, when they contain an equal quantity of the same kind of pure metal; and two sums of different countries are *commercially at par*, when they can purchase an equal quantity of the same kind of pure metal.

RECIPROCITY SYSTEM.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike; yet each believes his own.—POPE.

Free trade does not, as too often and erroneously supposed, mean a freedom from all legislative regulation, but a freedom subject to legislative regulation. At the time when Great Britain had been deprived of the great colonial market of America, Mr. Pitt was led to look round for new markets on the continent of Europe, and first developed that system which he considered should form the future commercial policy of the country. Mr. Pitt said that we must begin to carry on commerce upon a system of perfect reciprocity—that we must lower our duties and consolidate our customs.

The general opinion of Mr. Pitt and the eminent statesmen of that age, however, may be collected from the speech of the great Lord Lansdowne in the Upper House, in reply to the elaborate and forcible attack of Bishop Watson on a measure of Mr. Pitt.

"The first fundamental question, whether the old commercial system is erroneous, requires very little discussion. In fact, truth has made its own way. Commerce, like other sciences, has simplified itself. There is no science that has not done so. The Bishop of Landaff has said, that our commercial system requires no alteration, which, with great submission, I think cannot be said of anything; and if the question were put to me, I believe I would not say it of the Church. It is unnecessary to define the progress of the change. A great minister in Holland first opened the eyes of modern Europe upon commercial subjects. Men of letters in different countries contributed their aid to develop and extend the principles of free trade. Ministers of the first eminence in a neighbouring country adopted and pushed them still further, more or less, as suited their different views of considering the subject. The old calculation, so much dwelt upon by the Right Rev. Prelate, gradually became exploded, and the idea of estimating the balance of each trade was given up. An ingenious modern author has made the idea perfectly ridiculous, by balancing the sums stated by M. Necker and Mr. Grenville against the mines of Mexico and Peru. But, at this moment, what reduced it to a mathematical certainty was the experience of the last war with America, the insurance on smuggling, and the sentiments of the manufacturers."

The French revolution soon deprived England and France of the benefit of the treaty of commerce between the two nations. A quarter of a century revolved, the unprecedented events of which alike set at defiance both the theory and the received practice of trade. England enjoyed a monopoly of the commerce of the world. The altered state of circumstances induced by the peace were appreciated by public men, long before they were recognised by merchants; and as early as the commencement of the year 1817, Mr. Brougham made in the House of Commons his famous motion for an inquiry into the state of British trade and manufactures. In his opening statement Mr. Brougham advanced some of those principles of commerce which are now popularly known by the title of free trade.

In the course of two or three years the public opinion in favour of restriction has undergone a change. Mr. Baring presented the famous petition of the merchants of London; and the Ministry seizing the first opportunity of practically enforcing their convictions, Lord Liverpool made that celebrated exposition of the state of British trade and manufactures, which was officially circulated throughout the kingdom. On the 26th of May, 1820, the Prime Minister of England in the House of Lords declared his conviction "of the general principle of the great advantage resulting from unrestricted freedom of trade."

"I can entertain no doubt of this principle," said his Lordship; "nor that it would have been to the great advantage of the civilized world if the system of unrestricted trade had been acted upon by every nation, from the earliest period of its commercial intercourse with its neighbours. But we are now in a situation in which it is impossible for any country in the world to act unreservedly on that principle. The commercial regulations of the European world

have been long established, and cannot suddenly be departed from. With regard to the restrictive system, some suppose that we have risen in consequence of that system; others, of whom I am one, believe that we have risen in spite of that system. But whichever of these hypotheses be true, certain it is that we have risen under a very different principle than that of free and unrestricted trade. It is utterly impossible with our debt and taxation, even if they were but half the existing amount, that we can suddenly adopt the system of free trade. To do so would be to unhinge the whole property of the country."

Lord Liverpool concluded his exposition by detailing the measures which the Government proposed immediately to adopt. They were briefly these:—The instant and absolute extinction of prohibitions, and a general recurrence to the principles of Mr. Pitt, the development of which had been arrested by the war

are to receive an accession of 1,500 men; the royal marines 2,500 men; and the land regiments of the line 6,000. The increase in the navy will be about 1,000 men.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert will, it is said, after her accouchment, visit France. The Duke and Duchess of Nemours are to repair to London to accompany them.

A new effort is to be made in the Chamber of Deputies to obtain the reduction of the five per cents.

Some of the newspapers positively declare that the government has determined not to proceed with the proposed expedition against Madagascar.

Sir Robert Peel has been sustained in his new financial and commercial scheme, in the House of Commons, by a majority of 97; which is considered as securing the success of his measures, including the repeal of the corn-laws. The division presents some curious results. The House consists of 656 members; of these, 227 Liberals voted with the Minister, and 112 Tories—total, 339, against him, 11 Liberals and 231 Tories—total, 242, which makes the majority of 97. There were 30 Liberals absent and 15 Tories; 11 Liberal pairs 13 Tory pairs; 5 vacancies and the Speaker 6; making up the full complement of the House—656. Sir Robert Peel's supporters, it will be seen, only number about a sixth of the representation, and in this estimate are included 27 officials. It is clear, then, that without the aid of the Liberals he would have been *hors de combat*; in other words, he would have been destroyed by those who made him.

The news of the rejection of arbitration by the Am. government, which reached Liverpool on the 2nd inst., was received with profound surprise, and much apprehension as to the result of the pending difficulties.

The Spanish Ministry having refused to resign they were dismissed and new ones appointed.

THE MONSTER DEBATE.

LIVERPOOL, March 4.—The great debate on Sir Robert Peel's financial scheme, which extended over three weeks, and afforded food for twelve night's incessant oratory, was brought to a close on the morning of Saturday last, by a division which gave the Minister a majority of NINETY SEVEN! The eye of the hawk never follows its prey with greater intensity than the people, out of doors, have turned to these debates in Parliament. Not that the speeches themselves were cared for; they literally became a bore. But day after day people looked for the result down the endless columns of the daily prints in vain, until the interest deepened into anxiety, followed, as the dreary monotony of words proceeded, by absolute despair.

Nor was this despair unnatural when it is considered how mighty are the interests now trembling in the balance—how great has been the expenditure of time and talk—and how far the result is from being yet consummated. Every merchant, every tradesman, every one in business, in short, experiences the painful, in some instances, the ruinous results, of this state of transition. Parliament has been sitting more than a month, and nothing has been done—absolutely nothing, for we are yet only entering on the threshold of the investigation. The debate which closed on Saturday is the first skirmish—the precursor of the general engagement. The House, by this majority, has only pledged itself to go into committee. All the multifarious parts of the scheme have yet to be discussed, and affirmed or rejected before it reaches the House of Lords; there, the same time consuming process is to be repeated, and probably the spring may be far advanced, or we may have got into the summer solstice, ere legislative adjudication be complete. What a prospect in the interim for the trade of the country—for that trade, which, irrespective of consequences, must still go on, however deranged, as its stoppage, like that of the functions of the animal body, would involve the very extinction of vitality itself!

But as we intimated in our last publication, Sir Robert Peel has determined to proceed with the Corn law part of his scheme first. This scheme, our readers know, proposes the extinction of the Corn laws in three years from the present time! and the next great battle, as well as the next "solemn talk," will have reference to the immediate or the postponed repeal. Sir Robert, since the first announcement of his plan has stolen, in this respect, by his tactics, a march on the enemy. The three years' grace was debatable ground; a great difference of opinion existed about its merits, and many of those who opposed the scheme altogether, expressed a preference for an instant instead of a postponed repeal. Feeling that if he blindly adhered to his own pet scheme, a junction might be formed between these favorable to the immediate abolition of the Corn laws, and those altogether opposed to any change in the present system, which might end in his defeat and drive him from office, he has wisely and cleverly prevented such a result by anticipating it; and he will now, he says, consent to whatever the House sanctions—whether it be in favour of his own or any other plan as respects the time for the law taking effect. When this knotty point is decided, public attention will be transferred, as respects the future, to the hereditary branch of the Legislature. Until that time comes, it is folly to speculate as to whether the "country party," in other words, the landlords, will confederate with the League, to force the speedy, instead of the more protracted, extinction of the law.

But the fate of the measure in the Lords is pregnant with consequences of the highest, the most commanding interest. The measure is safe in the Commons—that is undeniable; is it so in the Lords? Will the Peers with a majority in the Commons of 97, and in the present state of excited public feeling throw out the measure, and thus force on a dissolution of Parliament? Our firm belief is, that the Peers will pass the bill; and in this opinion we are strengthened by the private testimony of several influential members of Parliament, with whose views we have been favored. A dissolution of Parliament at the present time would be an astounding national calamity.

Matters in Ireland look serious, and every day is making them worse. Dis-ease is already doing the work of death; and if Sir Robert Peel's frightful anticipations of the future prove correct, that unhappy country is destined to become a huge charnel-house. No serious evil can affect Ireland without being felt in England. The physical condition of the sister country is at all times a matter of the first importance—at the present time it is painfully so. But without looking at all across the channel, there is sufficient anxiety at home to make legislative delay a matter of fear and trembling. Such a result would involve the suspension of the great railway schemes which are now before Parliament; it would do more, it would involve the derangement of the currency. The money which has been paid into the national exchequer on account of the requirements of Parliament is still in safe keeping. How could it be disposed of with safety to the public requirements on the one hand, and to the currency of the country on the other? The money market is at present sufficiently, nay, deplorably "tight," owing to some fifteen millions being thus locked up.

BRITISH WAREHOUSING SYSTEM.

Antecedently to the present century a system of restraint and prohibition pervaded the administration of our maritime and revenue affairs, producing inconvenience to the merchant and detriment to commerce. Much of such inconvenience arose from the circumstance of the import duties being required to be paid on the landing of goods, amounting frequently to many thousand pounds. Such was more particularly the case during the late war, when the usual regularity of commercial transactions was much interrupted, and the merchant at times called upon, on the unexpected arrival of a ship for a large advance of duties. This gave rise to a system of deferring payment, by allowing goods to be secured in warehouses, or other approved places, under the locks of the Crown, and to be taken out as might suit the convenience of parties, the payment not being called for until the goods were so taken out. Hence, in 1803 the establishment of the *General Warehousing System*.

Numerous have been the claims as to the origin of this system. May it not, however, be traced to the primitive ages? for we read in Genesis, [chap. xii. 34—36 v.] in the affecting history of Joseph and his brethren,—"Let Pharaoh appoint officers over the land. And let them gather all the food, and lay up corn, and let them keep the food in the cities, and that food shall be for Store."

Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733, when he brought forward his excise scheme, attempted a measure of this sort on a very limited scale, but, in consequence of severe opposition, abandoned it. Dean Tucker, too, in 1750, made a similar proposal without effect. The measure, however, was revived at the beginning of the present century, and the management of it confided to the late Mr. Frewin, then Chairman of the Board of Customs—a post, by the bye, which he held for a very extended period, with no less honour to himself than of advantage to the country.

The principle upon which the Warehousing Act was founded, was, that goods upon being taken out either for home consumption, for exportation, or for removal coastwise, should be subject to the like conditions as when first imported. This was then deemed a prodigious boon—such it unquestionably was. Perhaps, with reference to the long and expensive war in which we were at that time engaged, it is not saying too much, "not to speak it profanely," that it was the salvation of the country.

In progress of time, such principle became greatly modified. The wants and conveniences of merchants were made known. These were met from time to time, in a spirit of frankness by the Government. The result has been that many advantages have been conceded, and large allowances granted. Amongst the chief, are those on goods deposited in warehouses of special and of extra security, and on the delivery of sugar, wine, and spirits. The warehousing department has now become by far the most important in the whole circle of fiscal affairs. It is by no means an unusual thing for orders to be issued in a single day to a common locker for the delivery of goods, the duties alone on which amount to £10,000 or even £15,000—for several thousands is almost an everyday occurrence.

The value of the merchandise deposited in warehouses under this system, at London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and other ports, cannot be estimated for merely government duties, supposing the stock-on-hand to be equal only to three years' consumption, at less than Fifty Millions. Our ancestors would have been startled at the hint of the bare possibility of such an event—even some of our contemporaries may not, perhaps, be aware of the fact. Still, such is the case. History shows nothing equal to this—no, not even "Solomon in all his glory." This vast machinery is, nevertheless, kept in regular and almost perpetual motion. Upon the whole it may be said the merchant gets his due supply—the government the just portion of duties.

Foreign Summary.

The French chambers have voted means to establish a line of Mail steamers between New York and Havre.

The proprietors of the Cunard line are building another fine steamer.

In one year, ending 5th January, 1846, 229,241 quarters of wheat and wheat flour were imported into England from Canada.

The cattle have been attacked with a plague something like the cholera. They are dying very fast. Apprehensions of some fearful disease in Europe, generally from the use of the potatoes, were entertained, but the chemists have quieted such fears for the present by declaring the diseased potatoes to be altogether harmless as food.

There have been several extensive failures in London and Liverpool. In the latter place one house, Messrs. Stockdale and Sons, the most extensive soap manufacturers, it is said, in the world, have suspended payment. Their liabilities are little short of half a million of money. The failure was owing to the tightness of the money market, and to their consequent inability to negotiate their paper.

Much satisfaction has been felt here by the Bey of Tunis having abolished slavery throughout his dominions. It was on the representations of the French and English consuls that he took this step.

England is said to have offered to arbitrate between France and the republic of Hayti, in the pending dispute, and there is no doubt the offer will be accepted.

Rumors have been current recently unfavorable to the health of Sir Robert Peel. It was said that he had been twice cupped in the neck, to ease the pressure on the organs of the brain under which he labored, and that his health involved a speedy relinquishment of the cares and anxieties of office. These rumors caused much uneasiness, until at length an official contradiction appeared, which declared them to be unfounded—adding, that he never was in better health.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—Whether or not we are to have war, great preparations are being made for it. The army is to be increased 10,000 men; the militia are to be in readiness for immediate training; the ordnance corps

OREGON—MR. CALHOUN'S VIEWS.

Washington, March 16.

At one o'clock, Mr. Calhoun rose and gave his views on the Oregon question. He said the question was, whether the Notice be given; and to that question he should limit his remarks. He should refrain from any remarks on the title, as he was connected with the negotiation.

There was one point in which all agreed—that a change of opinion had taken place since the commencement of this session, as to the importance of giving the Notice. Then it was regarded as a question of peace or of war. Now, it was a matter of little importance whether it passed or not. The reasons given by the Message for the Notice, no longer applied to the case.

The President, assuming that there could be no compromise, recommended the Notice as a preliminary measure to the assertion of our rights. The President's assumption was based on the negotiation, and the rejection of the 49th. The Message gave us not the slightest reason to believe that a compromise would be offered by the British government. The grounds on which the Notice was opposed, were, that Notice would not lead to compromise, but to an appeal to arms. That was the general opinion, as was evinced by the effects of the Message on the commercial operations of the country. Such was the view which he and his friends held. They opposed the Notice because it assumed that there would be no compromise. They believed the question could be compromised. They believed that there was a reasonable doubt as to our exclusive title; and, therefore, a reasonable ground for compromise. They believed, too, that, by withholding the Notice, the *onus* of aggression would be thrown on Great Britain, instead of being taken by us.

There was a portion of the Senate who maintained that the Notice was a pacific measure. They relied upon the expression of the President that he hoped a pacific result.

But the President had, in his view, upon his high responsibility, recommended an appeal to arms in the assertion of our rights. It was said the President asked for the Notice as a moral weapon: he (Mr. C.) could not so view it. It was evidently proposed with a view to the use of physical means. At any rate, it was to be used as an intimidation. If so, would it have a pacific effect on such a nation as G. Britain?

Some had condemned the Convention as an original measure; and proposed, therefore, to annul it.—But, at that time, a compromise on 49 was not practicable. The Convention was a substitute for war, and was the only means of preserving our rights.

Such was the opinion here when this discussion commenced. But a mighty change had taken place. The strong voice of public opinion, on both sides of the Atlantic, had called for compromise. This Senate, he hazarded nothing in saying, was in favor of compromise. No one could read the declarations of Sir Robert Peel, without a conviction that the British government was prepared to accept or act upon a proposition substantially the same as that which we had affirmed.

That intimation ought to be met by our government. He hoped it had already been met. On that point he had no information. He relied, however, upon the opinion that the necessary steps had been taken on that subject. The only difficulty being removed, the matter would be immediately compromised. It was only a question of time; and, in that view, not a moment ought to be lost in terminating the difficulty, and all its injurious consequences. G. Britain was now ready to meet us substantially on our own ground. He believed that this was so. The position of the President was now essentially changed on this subject. If he adhered to his former position, he would not envy him the result. The statesman must accommodate himself to circumstances.

But the position of this body was changed. Even his friends who were for the whole of Oregon, must feel that their position was changed; and he would not be surprised if they should vote against their own favorite measure. He believed, too, that those friends, as he would call them, had now come to the opinion that our title to all of Oregon was not so clear as they first conscientiously thought; and he appealed to them whether now, with a divided bounty, and a divided party, they were prepared to press the extreme claims of the U. States.

His own position and that of his friends was much changed: so much so, that he deemed the passage of the Notice of little importance, and might perhaps vote for it himself.

He was persuaded that Great Britain would not act definitely, until Congress had acted; and, in this point of view, it might be well to pass the Notice, in order to hasten the settlement of the question.

He could not, however, vote for an absolute Notice, nor for the House Resolutions. He thought the latter equivocal. If we wished the question to be settled by compromise, let us say so, unequivocally. If he voted for that proposition, it would be one that declared that the question should be settled by compromise. He looked to the effect of the measure on the great question of peace and war, and he would take such a course as would seem to be most likely to produce a pacific arrangement.

In 1842 Mr. C. saw this question coming. He saw there were two alternatives before us. One was, to adhere to the Convention of 1827,—for the period was at hand when its benefits would enure to us. Our population was increasing, and a Southern pass was opened to our emigrants. Our power of colonization rendered it certain that we should secure the country. It was twenty thousand miles from G. Britain—the most remote of any part of the habitable globe from her; for even New Zealand was nearer to her. He therefore wished to occupy the country quietly. The only objection was, that Great Britain might give the Notice; but this he did not apprehend,—for it was very clear to him that Great Britain did not purpose to make permanent settlements in the country.

If any thing would ever alienate that portion of the country from us, it would be high duties. Our people went there to enjoy free trade. Therefore, he had wished that our people there should be left, for a while, to themselves.

A Bill came up to extend our laws over Oregon. To this he had great objections. It would soon bring us to a point at which we must settle the title to the country, by negotiation or war.

He had long deemed it desirable and proper that the country should be divided by 49. He did not wish to hasten the issue in 1843. From that time to this, these measures for the Notice and for the extension of our laws over the territory, had been repeatedly and continually pressed, until we were brought to a point where we must compromise or fight. He was not accountable, therefore, for the issue now made. He had desired to prevent it. He had an aversion to war, as a positive evil; he was for peace, as a positive good. He was opposed to war when not required by national honour and interests. There were great and powerful reasons for not going to war when the object could not be

affected by it. If we went to war for the whole of Oregon or none, we should come off with none.

It would cease to be an Oregon war. It would be a struggle for empire. Every effort that the highest courage, and unbanded resources would permit, would be exerted. The safety of our people in Oregon would not be promoted by war. All their interests would be destroyed by it.

But, if we should be able to dictate a peace, at the end of ten year's war, on our own terms, he denied that it would be politic. The blows would be tremendous on both sides—the devastation spread far and wide—industry completely paralyzed. It would be not only a British war, but an Indian war, and a Mexican war. We should have to raise seven armies and two navies,—one of the latter for the Lakes. We should have war around the whole circuit of the country. The Mexican troops would be an efficient force, when officered and paid by Great Britain. The military force required would be at least two hundred thousand men. Mr. Gallatin estimated the cost of war at sixty-five millions a year. He was much under the mark. A ten years' war would leave us 750 millions in debt; and, with a depreciated currency. We could not borrow money in Europe, except at ruinous rates,—for this matter had been so unfortunately managed, that all Europe was against us.—The line between the Federal and State governments would be lost. The power of the States would be obliterated. We should have three or four victorious generals to provide for; and each at the head of an army, would struggle for the supreme power.

But he was opposed to a war from higher motives, not as an American citizen only, but as a philanthropist. He objected to it because it would check the progress of the age in improvements—mechanical, social, and political. The mighty progress made since the battle of Waterloo, would be arrested by war. Should we be the country to provoke it? and for Oregon? Should the two nations destined by Providence to carry on these improvements, go to war, it would effectually check the world in its advancement towards a higher state of civilisation than was ever yet attained. It would settle the question whether these two great nations were to be friends or enemies. If the struggle once commenced, it would be a struggle for empire.

Mr. C. said it was our great mission to occupy this vast and fertile country, which was given to us—to cover it with cities and fill it with a virtuous and intelligent population. War alone could prevent us from fulfilling this mission. Time would effect every thing, if we would wait patiently. In twenty-five years, we should have a population of forty-five millions, spread out from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In another generation, we should have eighty millions and become the centre of the commerce and the influence of the world.

But, if by war we would become great, we could not be free. Peace alone could make us both great and free.

Mr. C. had been supposed to be more partial to the acquisition of Texas than of Oregon. He had not viewed Texas annexation so much as a Southern question as a Northern one. It ran up to the 42nd degree of N. latitude. But he managed both questions with a view to the most certain means of acquiring both Texas and Oregon. Time would have acted against us as to Texas. That country could not longer remain as she was, and must be annexed, or go under the protection of Great Britain. As to Oregon, time was in our favour. In both cases, he was anxious so to settle the question as to avoid war. Texas would have cost us war after war, if it had not been annexed. When the Texas question was settled, then he went for the adjustment of the Oregon question.

Here Mr. Calhoun yielded the floor, after speaking not quite one hour and a half.

THE CAPTURED SLAVERS.—Accounts from Charleston give some additional particulars with regard to the captured slavers.

The Pons contained a larger number of slaves (896) than had ever been captured before in any one vessel. The vessels taken by the British cruisers have seldom contained more than four hundred, and never over seven hundred; though some of the cargoes which escaped capture, have numbered a thousand.

The Panther is an old Indiaman, over 400 tons burthen, with a double deck, and as well calculated for a large load of slaves as if she had been built for that purpose. She had been waiting two months on the coast for an opportunity to elude the vigilance of the cruisers, and made preparations for taking fifteen hundred slaves. According to the papers found on board, she belongs to J. A. Potter, of Providence, and was chartered by Fonseca, at Rio Janeiro, for \$1,750 a month, and two months paid in advance; but as this price is very disproportionate to the value of the vessel, it is supposed that she was really purchased by Fonseca, on condition that she should continue to bear the American flag till the slaves were brought on board.

Potter appears to be a very ignorant man, as in his letters to the captain almost every other word is spelt wrong.

Kabinda, where the Panther was captured, is one of the most noted slave stations on the coast, and it is said that there were upwards of six thousand in the baracoons, detained till a favorable opportunity for shipping them. The British cruisers watch them so closely, that the danger of capture is very great; yet the profits are so enormous, that every expedient is resorted to, and slaves are even taken across the ocean, by thirty at a time, in open launches. As they go before the trade wind and seldom have bad weather, there is not much risk in the voyage. The slaves cost on the coast \$15 a \$20 each, and will sell in any part of Brazil for \$300.

If the Pons had reached her destination in safety, she would have cleared about \$250,000. If the Panther had been successful, she would have made \$350,000 to \$400,000 above all expenses.

The Panther is the third prize which the Yorktown has taken. As the latter was short of provisions and could not get a supply on the coast, it was expected that she would return soon.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A Promising Clerk.—One day last week a merchant in Milk street, Jersey City, ordered a clerk, of 17 or 18, whom he had just received into his counting room, to take off an account from the books with all dispatch. Soon after, hearing him scratching out something from the ledger, the merchant inquired what he was doing; to which he replied that he "was taking off the account, but his knife was so darned dull that it would take all the afternoon to get it off!"

Whale Story.—The New Bedford Mercury states that the Sarran of Mattapoisett, from the Atlantic Ocean, took a 100 bbl. sperm whale, in the blubber of which was found the head and about a foot of the shank of a harpoon marked "Lyra." "Undoubtedly [says the Mercury] this belonged to the ship Lyra, of this port, which vessel sailed hence July 3, 1833, and was lost in August, 1836, on a reef near Oahu." This is a strange adventure for a piece of iron, but by no means improbable.

Latest Intelligence.

TWENTY-ONE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

[Under the head of "Foreign Summary," on page 518, will be found gleanings from our foreign files.]

GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA.

3,300 British and Native Troops Killed and Wounded—and Reported Loss of 30,000 Sikhs—at Moodkee and Ferozeshah.

[From General Sir Hugh Gough, G. C. B., the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, to the Governor-General of India.

Camp Moodkee, Dec. 19, 1845.

Right Hon. Sir—It would be a superfluous form in me to address to you a narrative of the campaign which has opened against the Sikhs and the successful action of yesterday, since you have in person shared the fatigues and dangers of our army, and witnessed its efforts and privations, but that my position as its head renders this my duty; and it is necessary, from that position, I should place these events on record, for the information of all Europe as well as of all India.

You, sir, know, but others have to be told, that the sudden and unprovoked attack of the Sikhs, by crossing the Sutlej with the great proportion of their army, with the avowed intention of attacking Ferozepore in time of profound peace, rendered indispensable on our part, a series of difficult combinations for the protection of our frontier station, so unjustifiably and so unexpectedly menaced.

From the advanced and salient situation of Ferozepore, and its vicinity to the Sikh capital, its defence against a sudden attack became a difficult operation. It was always possible for the Sikh Government to throw a formidable force upon it before one sufficiently numerous could on our side be collected to support it; but when, upon the 11th instant, it became known at Umballa, where I had established my head quarters, that this invasion had actually taken place, the efforts to repel it followed in rapid succession—notwithstanding I had the fullest confidence in Major-General Sir John Littler, commanding at Ferozepore, and in the devotedness and gallantry of the troops occupying it.

The troops from the different stations in the Cirhind division were directed to move by forced marches upon Busseean, where, by a most judicious arrangement, you had directed supplies to be collected, within a wonderfully short space of time.

The main portion of the force at Loodianah was withdrawn, and a garrison thrown into the little fortress there. From this central position, already alluded to, both Loodianah and Ferozepore could be supported, and the safety of both places might be considered to be brought, in some measure, within the scope of the contingencies of a general action to be fought for their relief. All this is soon related; but most harassing have been the marches of the troops in completing this concentration. When their march had been farther prolonged to this place, they had moved over a distance of upward of 150 miles in six days, along roads of heavy sand; their perpetual labor allowing them scarcely time to cook their food, even when they received it, and hardly an hour to repose, before they were called upon for renewed exertions.

When our leading corps reached Wudnee, a small jaghire of the late Maharajah Shere Singh, its garrison shut the gates of the fort against them; and, as our battering guns were far in the rear, it was determined to reserve it for future chastisement, and we remained content with compelling the village to furnish supplies, (it could, however, provide little, except for our over-worked cattle), under pain of enduring a cannonade and assault; this it did, without the necessity of firing a shot.

When we reached Wudnee, it was evident that the force before Ferozepore felt the influence of our movements, as we heard that a very large portion of that force had been detached to oppose our farther advance; their feeling parties retired on the morning of the 18th, before our cavalry piquets, near the village and fort of Moodkee.

Soon after mid-day, the division under Major-General Sir Harry Smith, a brigade of that under Major-General Sir J. McCaskill, and another of that under Major-General Gilbert, with five troops of horse artillery, and two light field batteries, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brooke, of the horse artillery, (Brigadier in command of the artillery force), and the cavalry division, consisting of her Majesty's 3d Light Dragoons, the body guard, 4th and 5th Light Cavalry, and 9th Irregular Cavalry, took up their encampment ground in front of Moodkee.

The troops were in a state of great exhaustion, principally from want of water, which was not procurable on the road, when, about three P. M. information arrived that the Sikh army was advancing; and the troops had scarcely time to get under arms, and move to their positions, when the fact was ascertained.

I immediately pushed forward the horse artillery and cavalry, directing the infantry, accompanied by the field batteries, to move forward in support. We had not proceeded beyond two miles when we found the enemy in position. They were said to consist of from 15,000 to 20,000 infantry, about the same force of cavalry, and 40 guns. They evidently had either just taken up their position, or were advancing in order of battle against us.

To resist their attack, and to cover the formation of the infantry, I advanced the cavalry under Brigadiers White, Gough, and Mactier, rapidly to the front, in columns of squadrons, and occupied the plain. They were speedily followed by the five troops of horse artillery, under Brigadier Brooke, who took up a forward position, having the cavalry then on his flanks.

The country is a dead flat, covered at short intervals with a low, but, in some places, thick jhow jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. The enemy screened their infantry and artillery behind this jungle, and such undulations as the ground afforded; and, while our twelve battalions formed from echelon of brigades into lines, opened a very severe cannonade upon our advancing troops, which was vigorously replied to by the battery of horse artillery under Brigadier Brooke, which was soon joined by the two light field batteries.

The rapid and well-directed fire of our artillery appeared soon to paralyze that of the enemy; and, as it was necessary to complete our infantry dispositions without advancing the artillery too near the jungle, I directed the cavalry under Brigadiers White and Gough to make a flank movement on the enemy's left, with a view of threatening and turning that flank, if possible. With praiseworthy gallantry, the 3rd Light Dragoons, with the 2d brigade of cavalry, consisting of the body guard and 5th Light Cavalry, with a portion of the 4th Lancers, turned the left of the Sikh army, and, sweeping along the whole rear of its infantry and guns, silenced for a time the latter, and put their numerous cavalry to flight. While this movement

was taking place on the enemy's left, I directed the remainder of the 4th Lancers, the 9th Irregular Cavalry, under Brigadier Mactier, with a light field battery, to threaten their right. This manœuvre was also successful. Had not the infantry and guns of the enemy been screened by the jungle, these brilliant charges of the cavalry would have been productive of greater effect.

When the infantry advanced to the attack, Brigadier Brooke rapidly pushed on his horse artillery close to the jungle, and the cannonade was resumed on both sides. The infantry, under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John McCaskill, attacked in echelon of lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible among wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had everything at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. Their ample and extended line, from their great superiority of numbers, far outflanked ours; but this was counteracted by the flank movement of our cavalry.

The attack of the infantry now commenced; and the roll of fire from this powerful arm soon convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected; and their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, and the loss of 17 pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre; our infantry using that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, whenever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster, for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object.

I regret to say, this gallant and successful attack was attended with considerable loss; the force bivouacked upon the field for some hours, and only returned to its encampment after ascertaining that it had no enemy before it, and that night prevented the possibility of a regular advance in pursuit.

I beg to congratulate you, right honorable sir, on this first defeat of our invaders by the army I have the honor to command. The perseverance by which success was attained you personally witnessed; and the troops I am sure felt proud of the self devotion by which their Governor-General exposed himself to every danger amongst them. I before said that our loss has been severe; it could not be esteemed small if we had no other to record, when I mention that towards the conclusion of the affair, Major-General Sir Robert Sale, to whom India and England are so much indebted, had his left thigh shattered by a grape shot, and that the wound has since proved mortal. Sir John McCaskill, an old and valued officer, who has done his country much good service, received a ball through his chest, on the advance of his division, and immediately expired. Brigadiers Bolton and Macrier, and Lieut. Colonels Burnaby and Bryne, and other valuable officers, are amongst the wounded. These losses our country and service will deplore, but not consider unavailing, when Ferozepore shall be rescued from the invader, and the insult to our territory and rule fitly punished.

I have every reason to be proud and gratified with the exertions of the officers and troops of this army on this arduous occasion; with the conduct and dispositions of the Generals of divisions, the Brigadiers of the several arms, the general, personal, divisional and brigade staff, and the commanding officers of regiments; but this despatch is necessarily completed in the utmost haste, and in the midst of most important operations. I must, therefore, defer to a future opportunity the pleasing task of bringing especially and by name to the notice of Government the particular merits of individual officers.

I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my deep sense of obligation to the heads of the two principal departments. Major General Sir James Lumley was unfortunately prevented by severe sickness from taking part in the active duties of this great crisis. Major Grant, Deputy Adjutant General, therefore supplied his place, and it is my duty to say how ably this has been done, and how great a loss I have endured by being deprived, for the present, of his services, in consequence of two wounds which he received whilst urging on the infantry, to the final and decisive attack on the enemy's batteries. Neither must I fail to record the valuable aid which has upon this, as upon a former campaign, been afforded me by the Quarter-Master-General, Lieut. Col. Garden, his departmental arrangements demand my highest commendation. Major General Sir Harry Smith having been appointed to the command of a division, the charge of his office as Adjutant General of her Majesty's Forces devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Barr, who, not only in the performance of those duties, but in every way in which assistance can be rendered in active operations, has been to me a most valuable staff officer.

I have to thank you, right honorable sir, for having placed at my disposal the services of your staff, and to thank them for the valuable assistance they afforded me on this arduous day. It shall be my pleasing duty to mention them individually, with the officers of my own personal staff, in the recommendation list I shall have the honor of forwarding, at an early date, to Government. I have, &c. H. GOUGH, General, Commander-in-Chief.

From His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India.

CAMP, FEROZESHAH, Dec. 22, 1845.

Right Hon. Sir—I have again to congratulate you on the success of our arms. A grand battle has been fought against the Sikh army at this place, and, by the blessing of Divine Providence, victory has been won, by the valor of our troops, against odds and under circumstances which will render this action one of the most memorable in the page of Indian history.

After the combat of the 18th at Moodkee, information was received the following day that the enemy, in increased numbers, were moving on to attack us. A line of defence was taken up in advance of our encampment, and dispositions made to repel assault; but the day wore away without their appearing, and at night we had the satisfaction of being reinforced by her Majesty's 29th Foot, and the East India Company's 1st European Light Infantry, with our small division of heavy guns.

I must here allude to a circumstance most favorable to our efforts in the field. On this evening, in addition to the valuable counsel in which you had in every emergency before favoured me, you were pleased yet farther to strengthen my hands by kindly offering your services as second in command in my army. I need hardly say with how much pleasure the offer was accepted.

On the morning of the 21st the offensive was resumed; our columns of all arms debouched four miles on the road to Ferozeshah, where it was known that the enemy, posted in great force and with a most formidable artillery, had remained since the action of the 18th, incessantly employed in entrenching his position. Instead of advancing to the direct attack of their formidable works, our forces manœuvred to their right; the second and fourth divisions of infantry, in front, supported by the first division and cavalry in second line, continued to defile for some time out of cannon shot between the Sikhs and Ferozepore,

The desired effect was not long delayed, a cloud of dust was seen on our left, and according to the instructions sent him on the preceding evening. Major General Sir John Littler, with his division, availing himself of the offered opportunity, was discovered in full march to unite his force with mine. The junction was soon effected, and thus was accomplished one of the great objects of all our harassing marches and privations, in the relief of this division of our army from the blockade of the numerous force by which it was surrounded.

Dispositions were now made for a united attack on the enemy's entrenched camp. We found it to be a parallelogram, of about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, including within its area the strong village of Ferozeshah, the shorter sides looking toward the Sutlej and Moodkee, and the longer towards Ferozepore and the open country. We moved against the last named force, the ground in front of which was like the Sikh position in Moodkee, covered with low jungle.

The divisions of Major-General Sir John Littler, Brigadier Wallace (who had succeeded Major-General Sir John M'Caskill,) and Major General Gilbert, deployed into line, having in the centre our whole force of artillery, with the exception of three troops of horse artillery, one on either flank and one in support, to be moved as occasion required. Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division, and our small cavalry force, moved in second line, having a brigade in reserve to cover each wing.

I should here observe, that I committed the charge and direction of the left wing to Lieut. General Sir Henry Hardinge, while I personally conducted the right.

A very heavy cannonade was opened by the enemy, who had dispersed over their position upward of one hundred guns, more than forty of which were of battering calibre. These kept up a heavy and well-directed fire, which the practice of our far less numerous artillery, of much lighter metal, checked in some degree, but could not silence. Finally, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, our infantry advanced and carried these formidable entrenchments. They threw themselves upon the guns, and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy; but when the batteries were partially within our grasp, our soldiery had to face such a fire of musketry from the Sikh infantry, arrayed their guns, that in spite of the most heroic efforts, a portion only of the entrenchment could be carried. Night fell while the conflict was everywhere raging.

Although I now brought up Major-General Sir Harry Smith's division, and he captured and long retained another point of the position, and her Majesty's 3d Light Dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries, yet the enemy remained in possession of a considerable portion of the great quadrangle, whilst our troops, intermingled with theirs, kept possession of the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering extremely from thirst, yet animated by an indomitable spirit. In this state of things the long night wore away.

Near the middle of it, one of their heavy guns was advanced and played with deadly effect on our troops.—Lieut. General Sir Henry Hardinge immediately formed her Majesty's 80th Foot and the 1st European Light Infantry. They were led to the attack by their commanding officers, and animated in their exertions by Lieutenant-Col. Wood (aid-de-camp to the Lieut. General) who was wounded in the outset. The 80th captured the gun, and the enemy, dismayed by this counter check, did not venture to press on further. During the whole night, however, they continued to harass our troops by fire of artillery, wherever moonlight discovered our position.

But with daylight of the 22d came retribution. Our infantry formed line, supported on both flanks by horse artillery, while a fire was opened from our centre by such of our heavy guns as remained effective, aided by a flight of rockets. A masked battery played with great effect upon this point, dismounting our pieces and blowing up our tumbrils. At this moment Lieut. Gen. Sir Henry Hardinge placed himself at the head of the left, while I rode at the head of the right wing.—[Continued on Page 524.]

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 3-4 a 9 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1846.

The Mail Steamer *Hibernia* brings our files to the 4th inst., containing much intelligence of a varied and interesting nature.

At this juncture it is natural to look in the first place at the news respecting the relations between England and the United States; upon this head, however, the British government is prudently silent, and the talk is left for the Press and the people out of doors. The latter use strong expressions with regard to the refusal of arbitration, and on the exchange and in the usual marts of business the effects were discernible by some fall of Stocks and some rise in Cotton and other American commodities. But we do not see anything indicative of hostile dispositions in England, although much which evinces a firm and decided resolution on the Oregon subject. In a note from Sir R. Peel to the Queen, indeed, during his short secession from office, he advocates the increase of the military estimates and preparations, in terms which might be construed into probable expectations of hostilities; but this was no more than prudent, and being fore-armed. The strongest expression in the letter was the offer to hold himself responsible for the advice he gave.

In another place we have given Mr. Calhoun's views on this question, and anything more lucid, more reasonable, or more politically honest, we do not remember ever to have read. And he speaks "by the card" too, for it is manifest that the feelings of the most rabid for summary process and extreme claims have subsided, in the language of a political barometer to "moderate and fair." The fact is that, now, with the explanations that have gone abroad directly and indirectly, in the speeches of legislators, and in the remarks of the Press, the question of notice or no notice is without any importance, and we are only sorry that they could not reach the knowledge of the British government before the sailing of the *Hibernia*. In that case some delay would have been prevented, for the intelligence by that Steamer is of course predicated in part upon the second rejection of the proposal to compromise or arbitrate. The greatly altered state of Public feeling here will be made manifest on the

return of the *Hibernia*, which, in all probability, will reach England before the sailing of the Mail Steamer of the 19th April, so that we may confidently hope for more amicable measures being adopted on the subject early in May.

The Debate on the Corn Laws has been the great, the almost absorbing business of the House of Commons; it lasted three weeks, and at the close Sir Robt. Peel had a majority of 97. This majority is, we believe, greater than Sir Robert had ventured to anticipate even in his most sanguine moments, and it may be confidently hoped that the Lords will not venture to oppose a measure so strongly brought forward in the lower house. Should they attempt it, and the bill be thrown out, a dissolution of Parliament would of course immediately take place, and the consequence would be that the obstinate Peers would somewhat late discover that their order had been somewhat shaken by themselves. But the Premier has a staunch and sufficient friend in the Duke, and if it be true, as is stated, that the latter has again received the numerous proxies formerly entrusted to him, the affair is safe, and the Lords are saved from themselves.

The conduct of the Liberals during the debate, more particularly of Lord John Russell, cannot be too highly praised; his Lordship has strictly adhered to the measure as propounded by Sir R. Peel, and has declared himself ready to resist any amendment to the Premier's proposition. The main defection in the voting was on the part of the Tories, and it is not a little remarkable to view Sir Robert's position at this moment. He is supported by his enemies and repudiated by his party, because he has had the courage to take a gigantic step which the latter have neither the heads to understand, nor the moral dignity to admire. Capt. Rous and Lord Lincoln, who had to vacate on taking office, have been defeated. The former in Westminster although he would have voted for the Minister, but Sir De Lacy Evans was a candidate, and was an old Westminster favourite, he was therefore preferred.

The great battle against the Sikhs, of which we have given the details elsewhere, will probably add to the extent of British India. It is a matter much to be deplored that the brave Sale should have been cut off in it, after all his hard sufferings and services. But "England expects every man to do his duty," and well did Sale comply with the dictum. Sir Henry Hardinge too has exhibited in this action that true nobility of soul which marks the man fit for important authority. The observations of the Duke, than whom none better qualified to judge of Sir Henry's conduct, are so strong and to the point, that, as he is indeed a Soldier's friend, we shall insert them at large, as they have come to us:—

The Duke of WELLINGTON expressed his unqualified approbation of the conduct of the troops on this occasion, as also of the conduct of the officers, and particularly of the governor-general, who, having made all the arrangements appertaining to his duty as governor-general, and having collected all the forces of the country for the purpose of engaging in this great contest, volunteered his services in his rank to the army.—(Cheers.) He did this in order that he might assist the officer-in-chief, commanding the army, in carrying on those operations that were considered necessary for securing the public interests, and the possession of the country. It was seldom an officer was placed in a situation of that kind. There was not a single instance of a man in his station doing so.—(Hear, hear.) As governor-general, he possessed power over the military operations and over the army, but he laid that aside, and volunteered his services.—(Cheers.) The country was dried up, and the villages so distant and detached, that those whose duty it would have been to supply the water, and who were attached to each company, could not procure any. Hence it happened, that for 24 hours the troops were deprived of even that refreshment.—(Hear, hear.) He really must say, that he had not, for some time, heard of an action which had given him such unqualified satisfaction, except in one case—that of the regiment to which the word "panic" is attached. He had minutely examined the circumstances attending that regiment, and found by the returns that it had lost 5 12ths of its numbers, and a great many non-commissioned officers. He did not think the word "panic" ought to have been applied to this regiment; and that it must have originated in an error of the officer making the report.

The famed Abd-el Kader is neither taken nor subdued. Neither Marshal Bugeaud, nor all France can master him, and when it is imagined that he has fled into fastnesses or retreats beyond the reach of European forces, he suddenly appears within a few miles of the city of Algiers itself, as if in mockery of the crude attempts to destroy him. That Algiers project is not yet likely to yield either profit or honour to France.

Mexico.—If public rumour may be at all relied on with respect to Mexico, —and, in fact, its echoes are heard in the United States, in the countries of Europe, and in Mexico itself,—there is more than a possibility that after having travelled through all the vicissitudes of revolution, and tried her limited notions of self government, Mexico begins to perceive that her people do not understand the theory of that which they have so long attempted to practice; and that the only way left to heal her bruises, to recruit her strength, and to manage her finances, is that of reverting into monarchy. It seems that although the conduct and character of Paredes are much admired he does not attract many followers, for he has too many important and powerful interests opposed to him. The idea of a Spanish Bourbon becoming the occupant of a Mexican throne, has furnished matter for political speculation even in Europe, and we may expect to hear the matter discussed more at large.

Mr. O'Connell, it is said, is breaking up very fast; he has become exceedingly feeble, and, according to appearances cannot long survive. He is at present attending his Parliamentary duties in London, and the charge of the Repeal scheme is in the hands of Mr. Smith O'Brien.

STEAMER FROM HALIFAX TO PORTLAND.—The success which has recently attended the enterprise of running an express between these places, over land

to Annapolis, and thence by steamer across the Bay of Fundy, has attracted, we are happy to perceive, the notice of individuals in Halifax, to the advantage of a steamboat communication with Portland,—touching at Lunenburg, Liverpool, and Yarmouth, on both passages. This will be a most delightful route for parties of pleasure in summer, and connected as it will be by the Railroad with Boston, must bring all those points into immediate contact with that city, and ultimately with New York.

Liverpool, Lunenburg, and Yarmouth, at which it is proposed to call,—and in the latter place one-third of the outfit has been subscribed, the entire cost being only \$24,000,—are wealthy and flourishing towns, extensively engaged in the West India trade, and importing largely from the United States. To men of business, therefore, the proposed undertaking is one of importance. The first two places are from eight to twelve hours sail for Halifax; Yarmouth lies 30 miles from Cape Sable, and about the same distance from Annapolis Basin, whence a stage runs to Halifax two or three times a week. From Yarmouth to Portland the distance may be estimated at two hundred miles.

From Portland to Montreal, the distance is 255 miles, and was traversed by the late express at the average rate of thirteen miles an hour, and in several instances, travelling a mile in four minutes. Whether the contemplated railroad between these places shall be established or not, this will be a desirable route for men of business, although the northern and European travelling must concentrate at Boston; the passage money in the steamers to and from Liverpool from that city, being the same as that from Halifax to England.

The steamer which it is intended to employ on the contemplated route, will be constructed of iron; we should presume it will be procured without delay for the sake of the summer travelling, and that a line will thus be established, which has hitherto been much neglected by the people of Halifax,—if viewed merely as connecting the capital of the Province with other parts of Nova Scotia; the deficiency having been supplied by the enterprise of Mr. Whitney of St. John, New Brunswick.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

NEW MUSIC HALL, IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday Evening last a Preliminary Meeting was held at the Coliseum, Broadway, of the members of the Philharmonic Society of this city, and others interested in the promotion of musical science, pursuant to agreement in the said society and to notification given out at the most recent Philharmonic Concerts. U. C. Hill, Esq. President of the Society was called to the Chair, and he briefly explained to the meeting the most prominent objects, for which it was called, namely these:

That music, both as a science and as an accomplishment, having made remarkably great advances in New York within the last twelve or fifteen years, and being still advancing, it had become necessary to consider what were the best steps to be taken to encourage its progress here, and to place the art and science on a footing with the best schools of music in the Old World: That the population of this city has increased and is still increasing at a rate unparalleled by that of any other city in the world, and that its opulence and means of social enjoyment keeps pace therewith: That at this juncture it may be fairly intimated, that in the city of New York, together with the cities and villages so immediately adjacent as to be considered one great community, there cannot be fewer than half a million of inhabitants, independently of the numerous strangers from all parts of the United States who are continually coming and going in the stream of intercourse with this great emporium; That in consequence of the before-mentioned considerations, it is highly expedient and even necessary to have, in New York, at least one good spacious, commodious Music Hall, conveniently situated, so that on proper occasions Concerts may be given there upon a grand scale, where music may be performed and heard in a manner worthy of the great masters in Musical composition, and calculated to improve the taste, refine the judgment, and gratify the hearing of the auditories, thus tending largely to the promotion of this useful and exalted science, whilst it contributes at the same time to the most rational social enjoyment; That it is likewise desirable, for the same considerations, that other halls of smaller dimensions, but well adapted for their purpose, should be formed for musical exercises and enjoyments upon a smaller scale, and having the same great object in view: That it is perceived with regret that the City of New York, notwithstanding such manifest necessity, is lamentably deficient in the accommodations here described, for it does not appear that even one Saloon or Hall can be found in it which is competent to hold a grand Orchestral force, an adequate number of audience, and constructed on principles which would allow justice to be done to the great composers, with regard to sound and full effect.

The Chairman farther stated that the Philharmonic Society in particular, of which he had the honour to be President, felt the inconvenience of this state of things, which greatly militated against the furtherance of the chief object of that association, viz, the improvement of musical taste and the advancement of musical science, and that a meeting of the members was consequently convened, at which Resolutions to the following effect was proposed and carried:

First, That it is highly expedient to effect the erection of a spacious edifice, calculated to afford ample convenience to a grand orchestral, vocal, and choral strength, and to have the advantages of a rehearsal room, with drawing room, Musical Library, &c.: the same to be called "THE PHILHARMONIC HALL." The plan and terms for carrying which into effect, being as follows:—1st. The building to be on a large scale, say 100 by 200 feet,—an ornament to the city, and designed to accommodate, in every respect, all musical societies, an Academy, or Conservatorio of Music: and fully to meet the requirements of the community, which have been so long unsupplied. To cost about \$100,000,

and designed as a safe investment for capital. The Concert Room in the building to be equal, at least, to the *Birmingham Musical Hall*. The room to contain an Organ of power, not inferior to any abroad.

2d. All funds collected by subscriptions, donations or otherwise, to be placed in the Mechanics' Bank, subject to the order of three Trustees, Messrs. SHEPHERD KNAPP, SAMUEL WARD, and U. C. HILL, appointed by the Philharmonic Society, no money to be advanced towards the building until the sum of \$20,000 is raised, six per cent. interest to be paid on subscriptions when the building is completed.

3d. In the event of a possible failure of the plan the money subscribed to be returned.

4th. Shares, TEN DOLLARS. All sums under that amount to be considered as donations. Payable at the Music Store of Messrs. SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 361 Broadway, or to the Treasurer appointed for this purpose by the Society,—Hon. CYRUS P. SMITH.

Second, That subscriptions for a concert to aid in the erection of the Philharmonic Hall, on the following terms, be forthwith commenced, viz:—The Philharmonic Society will give a *Concert* early in May next, on the most magnificent scale ever attempted in this country; combining all the musical talent, vocal and instrumental, about New-York. There will be between five and six hundred performers, and it is proposed to bring out, upon this occasion *Beethoven's Choral Symphony No. 9*, making this event an era in the musical world.

The Concert, independent of the attraction of the object, will be an inducement for all who feel interested to come forward and by this means to carry into effect this great undertaking. The whole of the proceeds arising from the Concert will be used towards the erection of the Hall. Tickets \$5, admitting a lady and gentleman—Single Tickets \$3.

The Chairman then announced the gratifying intelligence that a paper then in his hand, and subsequently laid on the table, contained the names of Subscribers to the amount of more than six thousand dollars, from a *Portion* only of the Philharmonic Society; that he had the most perfect reliance of increasing it to ten thousand among the members; that many gentlemen both in and out of New York had given assurances of their support and assistance when the time should be ripe for it; that the proposed Grand Concert would undoubtedly add a large sum to the funds; that a festival concert in the style of the European festivals, to be given when the Hall should be completed would again add largely to the funds; that The Philharmonic Society have the confident expectation to obtain a Charter of Incorporation from the State Legislature; and that altogether the prospects of Musical Encouragement and advancement were highly flattering.

A committee was then appointed to prepare a set of Resolutions to be submitted to a future meeting to be holden at the same place this evening.

* * We have subsequently been informed that so much has been done or is still in progress—all exceedingly favorable to these objects,—that it is deemed advisable to postpone the meeting, proposed for this evening, until the matters now in hand can be in condition for laying before the public, when due notification will be given by advertisement. All this is exceedingly gratifying to lovers of musical Science and Art.

LE DESERT.—By *Felicien David*.—We desire to remind our readers that this celebrated composition will be brought out in full Orchestral strength, under the direction of M. Geo. Loder, on Tuesday evening next, the 24th inst. We last week stated the time to be Wednesday the 26th inst. but it has been subsequently altered to the first mentioned day. The musical world are under great obligations to Mr. Geo. Loder for the spirit and enterprise manifested by him in bringing important musical novelties before the public whilst yet they are either partially or unknown to American fame. But his own taste and judgment are unquestionably sound, and it may be reasonably taken for granted that what he ventures to bring out upon a grand scale is worth the expense, trouble, and risk bestowed upon them.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. B. Wyman and G. P. Newell have just published No. 2 of their "Library of Sacred Music," it contains twelve pieces, of which there are portions from "The Seven Sleepers," "The Pilgrim Fathers," arrangements from other composers, new psalm compositions, and chants. The work continues to be very neatly executed, and will prove acceptable in private families where Sabbath music is desired.

The Drama.

There is nothing, in this department of our Journal, which requires any special comment, concerning the proceedings of the past week. The Opera of "Don Pasquale" is yet in representation at the Park, to tolerable houses, and Mr. Marble took his benefit there on Tuesday evening, when he played four distinct characters, all of American peculiarities of course. He had a numerous audience and was well received.

The other theatres are well filled, but we have not any particular novelty to report.

* * We desire to express our sense of the courtesy and gentlemanly bearing of our contemporary of the *Courier and Enquirer*, with relation to his kind defence of us against an attack of which we were not previously aware; and we would further thank him for the specimen of liberality and candour which he elicited with regard to some late musical observations of ours, in which we happened to entertain notions somewhat varying from his. At the best we could not have expected more than silence on the matter, but the flattering nature of the reply calls for this expression of acknowledgment. It is much to be regretted, that amenities like these—which indeed none but the liberal-minded know how to exercise—should be so scarce among those who have a part in the management of that mighty power, The Press; were they more frequent, as they ought to be, they would greatly increase that power to beneficial effect in the community and to the exaltation of the character of The Press itself.

Literary Notices.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.—By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, author of the "Irish Sketch Book," &c.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The Rev. John Todd, in his Student's Manual, tells the following anecdote. When he was a boy, he asked his father one day, in the field, to show him how to plough a straight furrow. When his parent had drawn one as straight as an arrow, the future clergyman took the plough himself, and made another parallel to it, but not quite so straight. "From that time," says Mr. Todd, "I resolved never to be an imitator." The experience of every one confirms the wisdom of his resolve; but to come to the matter in hand, the book before us affords another instance of a furrow not quite so straight as the copy. It is a palpable imitation of Eöthen, a work to which the author several times alludes, with its peculiarities exaggerated, the charming bathos of its style, rather more bathetic and rather less charming, and its ridicule of Sacred things oftener introduced and more offensive. There is a straining too, after effect in the later work, which marks a Pupil's, not a Master's hand.

With all these defects, the "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" is a very readable book, and a decided improvement on the Author's former effort, "The Irish Sketch Book." It is, we take it, one of a new school of writers of travels, (though not a new style of writing), of whom the author of Eöthen was the first. These laughing philosophers by no means affect to be paralyzed by a pyramid, or horrified by a hurricane, when they are not so; they do not seek to display their research in history and the dead languages—they are neither De Lamartines nor Chateaubriands, but rather English club-frequenters, who make fun of every thing and every body they meet, and expatiate at length on what they eat and drink and how they sleep. Such writers reverse the vulgar expression, "he talks like a book;" they write like talkers, in the case of the works we speak of now, like a very good talker, and one who is by no means green. In a different walk of literature, Sidney Smith's Essays and Reviews are perfect models of this style of writing; take, for instance, his Posthumous Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church, which commences, "the revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic Church is made up of half-pence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes, and those Irish old clothes." But it is time to let the author speak for himself. After a protracted sojourn of two hours in that place, Mr. Titmarsh gives the following brief

IMPRESSIONS OF CADIZ.

"And so our residence in Andalusia began and ended before breakfast, and we went on board and steamed for Gibraltar, looking, as we past, at Joinville's black squadron, and the white houses of Saint Mary's across the bay, with the hills of Medina Sedonea and Granada lying purple beyond them. There's something even in those names which is pleasant to write down;—to have passed only two hours in Cadiz is something—to have seen real donnas with comb and mantle—real caballeros with cloak and cigar—real Spanish barbers lathering out of brass basins,—and to have heard guitars under the balconies; there was one that an old beggar was jangling in the market, whilst a huge leering fellow in bushy whiskers and a faded velvet dress came singing and jumping after our party,—not singing to a guitar, it is true, but imitating one capitally with his voice, and cracking his fingers by way of castanets, and performing a dance such as Figaro or Lablache might envy. How clear that fellow's voice thrums on the ear even now; and how bright and pleasant remains the recollection of the fine city and the blue sea, and the Spanish flags floating on the boats that danced over it, and Joinville's band beginning to play stirring marches as we puffed out of the bay."

Our author is evidently a member of the Peace Society; this is by no means the only place where he deprecates with Cockney candour the idea of war:—

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

"The next stage was Gibraltar, where we were to change horses. Before sunset we skirted along the dark savage mountains of the African coast, and came to the Rock just before gunfire. It is the very image of an enormous Lion, crouched between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and set there to guard the passage for its British mistress.

"The next British Lion is Malta, four days further on in the midland sea, and ready to spring upon Egypt or pounce upon Syria, or roar so as to be heard at Marsailles in case of need.

"To the eyes of the civilian, the first-named of these famous fortifications is by far the most imposing. The rock looks so tremendous, that to ascend it, even without the compliment of shells or shot, seems a dreadful task—what would it be when all these mysterious lines of batteries were vomiting fire and brimstone; when all those dark guns that you see poking their grim heads out of every imaginable cleft and zigzag should salute you with shot, both hot and cold; and when, after tugging up the hideous perpendicular place, you were to find regiments of British grenadiers ready to plunge bayonets into your poor panting stomach, and let out artificially the little breath left there? It is a marvel to think that soldiers will mount such places for a shilling—ensigns for five and ninepence—a day; a cabman would ask double the money to go half way! One meekly reflects upon the above strange truth, leaning over the ship's sides, and looking up the huge mountain, from the tower nestled at the foot of it to the thin flag-staff at the summit, up to which have been piled the most ingenious edifices for murder Christian science ever adopted. My hobby-horse is a quiet beast, suited for Park riding, or a gentle trot to Putney and back to a snug stable, and plenty of feeds of corn—it can't abide climbing hills, and is not at all used to gunpowder. Some men's animals are so spirited that the very appearance of a stone wall sets them jumping at it; regular chargers of hobbies, which snort and say, 'Ha! ha!' at the mere notion of a battle."

The following passage will provoke a smile in even an Abolitionist:—

SLAVES IN CAIRO.—"They are not unhappy; they look to being bought, as many a spinster looks to an establishment in England; once in a family they are kindly treated and well clothed, and fatten, and are the merriest people of the whole community. These were of a much more savage sort than the slaves I had seen in the horrible market at Constantinople where I recollect,

while I was looking at one and forming pathetic conjectures regarding her fate—that she smiled very good humouredly, and bade the interpreter ask me to buy her for forty pounds."

There are no countries, perhaps, so favourably circumstanced for the purposes of a serio-comic writer like Mr. Titmarsh—whose real name by the way, is Thackeray—as those of the East, but we confess we should like to see some others' travels in the same style, if only by way of "varying the tune" from the ordinary marches.

TYPE: A PREPAT POLYNESIAN LIFE.—By Herman Melville.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—The writer of this book introduces us to what is truly a novelty in Travels. It purports to be the relation of "a four months' residence in a Valley of Marquesas, and besides giving details of those islands, so lately the subject of controversy—almost of strife—growing out of the new tastes for colonisation on the part of France, all of which details, are delightful, interesting, and new, it contains notices of the affairs in Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands. It is published in two neat parts or volumes, and forms a portion of the Series called the "Library of American Books."

GARDNER'S "FARMER'S DICTIONARY."—New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of the most useful and desirable works for agriculturists is this book before us. It is a lamentable fact that the farming class of the community too generally are not inclined to put their trust in books; they will not study the theory of their occupations; they are inclined to proceed as their fathers have proceeded before them, and without attending to the why or the wherefore they continue a beaten track upon which they seldom make improvements. Here however is a compilation which we anticipate will creep into their regards, and will render them invaluable service. In the first place it is remarkably cheap, consisting of nearly 900 pages of closely printed matter for \$1.75; secondly its contents are arranged in alphabetical order, consequently anything required is easily found by those who have little time and less inclination to read; thirdly the matter of each subject is condensed into the smallest useful quantity, by a writer who is evidently "master of his craft," fourthly, everything in the book which is capable of illustration is very neatly and correctly illustrated; fifthly, the benefit derived from each consultation of the book will lead to a more plentiful use of it, and tend to increase the taste for useful reading, thinking, and experimenting. Practical Chemistry, Botany, Mechanism, are here made familiar to those who wish to turn the information sought to immediate account;—but in short every practical man, whether of the rural or of the town communities will be inclined to consider this as a "golden volume" to them.

JEWELL'S FLIRTATIONS;—By the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband," &c.: New York: Harpers.—Those of our readers who are fond of light reading, will be sure to peruse this amusing and spirited production: there is a smartness and brilliancy of style about it quite fascinating; in addition to which the story points to an excellent moral lesson, which it would be desirable for all young ladies to study. The author's name does not transpire, but we think it ought no longer to be kept secret, since as we learn from the preface, his works have been so successful as to induce more than one to pretend dishonestly to claim their authorship.

HARPERS ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—No. LI.—This fine edition of the Holy Scriptures is now nearly completed; the present number containing Rev. XVIII., and a couple more in all probability carrying the work through. The purchasers will then be possessed of a treasure such as ought to be in every man's house.

A PHRASE BOOK OF ENGLISH AND GERMAN.—By Moritz Ertheimer:—New York: Greely & McElrath.—The German language has become one in great request, for the purposes of both literature and commerce. The industry and research of the German, Saxons, more particularly the Historians, have rendered their dicta very authoritative, and German trade has gradually become so extensive and important that a good knowledge of the language seems necessary to commercial intercourse. Every help therefore to its cultivation must be welcome, and this little work is really and substantially of that character. It is very simple, every phrase is doubly translated, that it is translated literally, word for word, and it is translated according to English Idioms. Here is likewise a complete explanation of German sounds and accentuation. It is an exceedingly useful and ingenious little book.

THE LONDON "LANCET." Vol. III. No. 3.—New York.—Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—No encomium of ours can add to the merited fame of this fine periodical, the uses and advantages of which are partaken of at the very "ends of the earth." Its continual accumulations of surgical and medical information render it a treasure to the faculty, and considerably instructive even to general readers.

THE REST OF DON JUAN.—By Henry Morford.—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—The writer of this Supplement has inscribed it to the "The Shade of Byron," though how the Great Departed will receive the compliment we have reason to be apprehensive. Mr. Morford has retained the Juan stanza, and he has tried extensively at the rhyme, but the last is a failure. Butler, Swift, and Byron, were the most eminent rhymesters that ever wrote in our language, and they had the tact to join the raciest humour with the most correct appropriation of the words in their rhymes; but Mr. Morford literally "labors in his vocation" and not seldom fails. Nevertheless it is probable that all, into whose hands the book shall fall, will read it once, as mode of bringing the story to an end; but no one will read it a second time.

THE "DEMOCRATIC," AND THE "AMERICAN," REVIEWS FOR MARCH 1846.—These two works, which are severally the exponents of politically an

tagonistic principles, are managed with great editorial tact, by clever and scholar-like gentlemen. With the purely literary portions of them we are abundantly gratified, but with respect to the party politics which each professes to uphold we have not any opinion to put forth. In the latter there is an excellent summary biography of Sir Robert Peel; and, considering the prominent position of the Right honorable Baronet in the eyes of the whole world at this juncture, we doubt not that it will be extensively read.

JACK LONG, OR SHOT IN THE EYE.—New York: Graham, Tribune Buildings.—The title page of this little work designates it as "a true story of Texas Border Life." If this be so, and delineation is of general correctness, it must cause harrowing thoughts to steal over the minds of those who meditate a removal to those districts. The story at any rate is full of most interesting incidents and has all the air of genuine truth; one reads with breathless agitation, and it is impossible to desist until we come to the end.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, for March, 1846.—The editor has got this work into "Clock-work" regularity, and if all his readers be but as anxious for its periodical appearance as we are, the punctuality is perfect matter of rejoicing. The papers are commonly of good quality and refined taste, but the "Gossip with the reader," is the real salt of the work; it is an Olla Podrida of exquisite relish, where, as cooks say, "there is just a sentiment of every thing, and nothing predominates too greatly." We dare say that many a reader of this periodical mutually exclaims "What should I do without my 'Knick-erbocker'."

GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA.

(Continued from Page 521.)

Our line advanced, and, unchecked by the enemy's fire, drove them rapidly out of the village of Ferozeshah and their encampment; then, changing front to its left, on its centre, our force continued to sweep the camp, bearing down all opposition, and dislodged them from their whole position. The line then halted, as if on a day of manoeuvre, receiving its two leaders as they rode along its front with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army. We had taken upwards of 37 pieces of cannon, and were masters of the whole field.

The force assumed a position on the ground which it had won, but even here its labours were not to cease. In the course of two hours, Sirdar Tej Singh, who had commanded in the great last battle, brought up from the vicinity of Ferozepore fresh battalions and a large field of artillery, supported by 30,000 Ghorepurras, hitherto encamped near the river. He drove in our cavalry parties, and made strenuous efforts to regain the position at Ferozeshah; this attempt was defeated; but its failure had scarcely become manifest, when the Sirdar renewed the contest with more troops and a large artillery. He commenced by a combination against our left flank; and when this was frustrated made such a demonstration against the captured village as compelled us to change our whole front to the right. His guns during this manoeuvre, maintained an incessant fire, whilst our artillery ammunition being completely expended in these protracted combats we were unable to answer him with a single shot.

I now directed our almost exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks at once, preparing the infantry to advance in support, which apparently caused him suddenly to cease his fire, and to abandon the field.

For twenty-four hours not a Sikh has appeared in our front. The remains of the Khalsa army are said to be in full retreat across the Sutlej, at Naggurputhur and Teila, or marching up its left bank towards Hurreekheepthur, in the greatest confusion and dismay. Of their chiefs, Baha dur Sidgh is killed. Lal Singh said to be wounded. Mehtab Singh, Abjoodhia Pershad, and Tej Singh, the late governor of Peshawar, have fled with precipitation. Their camp is the scene of the most awful carnage, and they have abandoned large stores of grain, camp equipage, and ammunition.

Thus has apparently terminated this unprovoked and criminal invasion of the peaceful provinces under British protection.

On the conclusion of such a narrative as I have given, it is surely superfluous in me to say I am, and shall be to the last moment of my existence, proud of the army which I had the honor to command on the 21st and 22d inst. To their gallant exertions I owe the satisfaction of seeing such a victory achieved, and the glory of having my own name associated with it.

The loss of this army has been very heavy: how could a hope be formed that it should be otherwise? Within thirty hours this force stormed an entrenched camp, fought a general action, and sustained two considerable combats with the enemy. Within four days it has dislodged from their positions, on the left bank of the Sutlej, 60,000 Sikh soldiers, supported by upward of 150 pieces of cannon, 108 of which the enemy acknowledge to have lost, and 91 of which are in our possession.

In addition to our losses in the battle, the captured camp was found to be everywhere protected by charged mines, by the successive springing of which many brave officers and men have been destroyed.

I must bear testimony to the valor displayed in these actions by the whole of the regiments of her Majesty's service employed, and the East India Company's 1st European Light Infantry; the native force seconded in a most spirited manner their gallant conduct.

To Lieutenant General Sir Henry Hardinge, my second in command, my warmest thanks are due, not only for his personal exertions, which were conspicuous to all, but for the able assistance he afforded me through all the eventful scenes of this well fought action. To the general and my personal staff I feel deeply indebted for their unceasing exertions. Major Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John Littler, and Brigadier Wallace (who nobly fell in the hour of victory), fully realized the high expectations I had formed of their conduct as leaders of divisions.

With the Brigadiers, the Commandant of Artillery, and the Chief Engineer, the commanding officers of regiments, and with the departmental staff, I was also greatly pleased; their exertions were most unremitting and highly praiseworthy.

The reports I have received from the Generals of Divisions of Infantry, the Brigadiers of Cavalry, and the Commandant of Artillery, speak in the highest terms of their respective staff; and it is my intention, as soon as possible, to forward to you, Right Honourable Sir, a list containing the names of all the officers I have just enumerated, together with the names of all those who appear to me especially to merit approbation and favour.

The hurried manner in which I am forced to collect information and prepare these numerous details, may, I fear, cause the omission of the names of some officers well deserving of notice; but I shall not fail to send in a supplementary

list when I can assure myself of their individual merits, as it would be most painful to me to feel that I had not done justice to any one of the brave men who shared with me the glories and dangers of this arduous conflict.

I beg now to mention the conduct of an illustrious nobleman, Count Ravensburgh, who, with the officers of his suite, Counts Greuben and Oriola, did us the honour to accompany the force during our operations. They were present at Moodkee, and in this great battle. It is with the greatest pleasure and sincerity I can bear my testimony to their gallant conduct on these occasions, worthy of the high reputation in the arms of their countrymen, and of the great ancestor of one of them. I lament to add that Dr. Hoffmeister, the medical attendant on the Count, was killed in the action on the 21st inst.

I herewith inclose the report of Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir H. Hardinge, second in command.—I have the honour to be, &c.

H. Gough, General, Commander-in-Chief.

List of Officers Killed and Wounded.

Head Quarters' Staff.—Killed—Mjr Gen Sir R H Sale, GCB, Mjr W R Herries, Capt J Munro. Wounded—Mjr P Grant, Capt G E Hillier, H B Edwards.

Personal Staff.—Wounded—Lt-Col R Wood, Lt F Haines.

General Staff.—Killed—Mjr A W Fitzroy Somerset, Bvt-Capt W Hore.

Artillery Division.—Killed—Capts J Trower, F Dashwood, E D A Todd, 1st Lts P C Lambert, R Pollock. Wounded—Capts W K Warner, M Mac-

kenzie, 1st Lt E Atlay, C V Cox, C A Wheelwright, C Bowie, R M Paton.

Cavalry Division.—3rd Lt Drags. Killed—Bvt-Capt G Newton, J E Codd, Cornets H Ellis, G W K Bruce, E Worley. Wounded—Brgrdr W

Mactier, Lt-Cols D Harriott, M White, Mjr C W M Balders, Capt C F

Havelock, Brv-Capt T L Harrington, Lts S Fisher, E G Swinton, E B

Cureton, A C Morgan, J G A Burton, Cornets W H Orme, J D White, J

Rathwell, Volunteer Mr A Alexander, Gov-Generals Body Guard.—Killed

—Lt W Fisher. Wounded—Bvt-Capt C D Dawkins, Lt GR Taylor. 5th

Lt Cavalry.—Wounded—Mjr Alexander, Lt R Christie.

First Infantry Division.—Divisional and Brigade Staff. Killed—Capt

Van Memring. Wounded—Brigrds S Bolton, CB, H M Wheeler, CB, Capt

E Lugard, Lts Nicolls, A J Galloway, E A Holdich. 31st Foot. Killed—

Lt J L R Pollard, Lt and Adjt W Bernard. Wounded—Mjr G Baldwin,

Lts T H Plaskett, A Pilkington, Ensigns J Paul, H P Hutton. 50th Foot.

Wounded—Capt W Knowles, Lt C A Mouat, E J Chambers, R M Barns,

Ens A White, Lt and Adjt E C Mullen. 24th Regt N I. Killed—Brvt-

Mjr J Griffin. Wounded—Ens E A Grubb. 42nd Lt Inftry. Killed—Lt

J G Wollen. Wounded—Lt and Adjt C W Ford, Ens J Wardlaw. 48th

Regt N I. Wounded—Lts E W Litchford, R C Taylor.

Second Infantry Division.—Divisional and Brigade Staff. Killed—Capt

J O Lucas, J H Burnett. Wounded—Lt-Col C C Taylor, Brgrd Maj R

Codrington. 39th Foot. Killed—Captain G Molle, Lieut A A Simmons.

Wounded—Mjr G Congreve, Capt A St G H Stepany. 1st Eur Lt Inftry.

Killed—Capt T Box, Ens P Moxon. Wounded—Capts C Clark, B Kendall,

Lts D C T Beatson, R W H Fenshawe, Ensigns F O Salesbury, C R Wri-

ford. 2nd Native Grens. Killed—Ens G A Armstrong. Wounded—Capts

T W Bolton, J Gifford, Ens A D Warden, W SR Hodgson. 16th Regt N I,

Grens. Killed—Mjr L N Hull. Wounded—Ens J J O'Brien. 43th Regt

N I. Wounded—Lt C V Hamilton.

Third Infantry Division.—Divisional and Brigade Staff.—Killed—Maj

Gen Sir J M Caskill KCB and HK Col N Wallace Brigrd. 9th Foot Killed—

Col A C Taylor Capts J Dunne J F Field. Wounded—Capt A Borton

Lieuts A Taylor J T Vigors F Siewright W G Cassidy Ens W H Forster

50th Foot. Capts A D W Best R Sehebberras Lieuts R B Warren C G G By-

thesea. Wounded—Maj R A Lockhart Brv Capt S Fraser Lt M D Free-

man. 26th Lt Infantry N I. Killed—Lts G A Croly A Eatwell. 73d Regt N I

Killed—Capt R Hunter.

Fourth Infantry Division.—Divisional and Brigade Staff.—Killed—Lt

Harvey. Wounded—Lt Col T Reed Capts C F J Burnett J F Egerton. 62d

Foot. Killed—Capts G H Clark H Wells Lts T K Scott W M Nair R Gub-

bins M Kelley Adj G Sims. Wounded—Mjr W T Shortt Capts S W Graves

C W Sibley D M A Darroch. Lts M J Gregorson W L Ingall A S Craig. Ens

C Roberts J G M Hewett. 12th Regt N I. Wounded—Lt Col L Bruce Capt

W B Holmes Lt C B Tulloch Ens J H C Ewart. 14th Regt N I. Wounded

—Capt W Struthers Brvt Capt C G Walsh Lts A O Wood I H H Lukin

Ens G Weild.

First Brigade.—31st Foot. Killed—Lts H W Hart J Brenchley. Wounded

—Col J Byrne Capts G Willes T Bulkeley G D Yong Lt J L R Pollard.

Wounded—Asst-Surgeon R B Gahan. 47th N I. Wounded—Lt J F Pog-

son.

SECOND BRIGADE.—50th Foot. Killed—Asst-Surgeon A Graydon.

Wounded—Capt H. Needham, Lts. W. S. Carter, J. C. Bishop, R. E. De

Montmorency, C. E. Young.—42d N., Lieut. I. Killed—Lieut. J. Spence.

Wounded—Ens. E. Van. H. Holt.

FIFTH BRIGADE.—49th Foot. Wounded—Ens. J. Hanham.

SIXTH BRIGADE.—Sth Foot. Wounded—Col. T. Bunbury.

NUMBER OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

| | Killed. | Wounded. |
|--|---------|----------|
| European Officers..... | 50 | 117 |
| Native Officers..... | 19 | 27 |
| Warrant Officers..... | 0 | 3 |
| Sergeants and Havildars..... | 42 | 141 |
| Trumpeters and Drummers..... | 5 | 24 |
| Rank and File..... | 775 | 2041 |
| Lascars, Syce Drivers and Cross-cutters..... | 18 | 33 |
| Total..... | 909 | 2386 |
| Horses..... | 524 | 285 |

ABSTRACT OF TROOPS SUPPOSED TO BE ENGAGED.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Artillery, six troops, six companies, say..... | 1,000 |
| Sappers, two companies, say..... | 200 |
| 3d Dragoons..... | 450 |
| Six regiments of Royal Infantry, at say 750..... | 4,500 |
| Four regiments of Native Cavalry, at say 400..... | 1,600 |
| Three and a half regiments of Irregular Cavalry, at say 700..... | 2,450 |
| 1st European Light Infantry..... | 900 |
| 17 Regiments of Native Infantry, at say 800..... | 13,600 |

Total..... 24,700

Deduct two regiments in Ferozepore, Sappers and Miners, and

three regiments supposed with camp, say..... 4,200

Balance engaged, say..... 20,500

THE LATE ACTIONS UPON THE SUTLEJ.

Among the papers presented to the House of Commons by Sir R. Peel, is an important despatch from Sir H. Hardinge, of which the following passages, giving an account of the circumstances preceding the Sikh invasion, and detailing the reasons which influenced the conduct of the Indian government, are the most interesting at the present time:—

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL TO THE SECRET COMMITTEE.

Camp, Ferozepore, Dec. 31, 1845.

I now proceed to detail the events which preceded a resort to arms, and I am convinced that the forbearance manifested by me in all these transactions will meet with your approval.

My previous correspondence will show the extreme anxiety I felt to avoid hostilities, by friendly explanations required from the Lahore Durbar; and my reluctance to give any cause for jealousy or alarm to the Sikh army and government was so strong, that from the 18th of November up to the 8th of December, I deferred to make any movement of troops, in the hope of proving the sincerity of our professions by the moderation of our actions. This forbearance carried to the utmost limits which prudence could allow, was not appreciated at Lahore.

In the state of anarchy and uncontrollable power usurped by the Sikh army, my reluctance to resent their hostile conduct may have been misunderstood as the effect of conscious weakness or of timidity; but the Lahore government, there is every reason to believe, was not influenced by any such impressions.

The regent and her advisers courted collision for the purpose of employing their unruly soldiers against their friendly neighbour, as the safest means of extricating themselves from the personal dangers to which they were constantly exposed; the Lahore government deceived their army by false statements of the fidelity of our native troops, whom they have in vain attempted to corrupt by emissaries employed by that government.

And there is also reason to believe that active intrigues had for some time past been resorted to, in order to induce the chiefs of our protected Sikh territories to rise in arms against the British power, as soon as a Sikh army shall cross the Sutlej.

There was no proof that such a conspiracy existed on the part of the leading Sikh chiefs on this side the Sutlej, although in a very few instances, where the personal character of the individuals accounted for the folly of their conduct, there were reasons for believing that disaffection did exist, and would be exhibited with activity on the first favorable opportunity, and particularly if any reverse should attend our arms.

I shall have occasion to advert to this subject when I notice the proclamation I issued on the 13th instant.

But I will previously resume the narrative of the daily intelligence from Lahore, as affording a connected series of the events which have occurred since the 4th of December, when I informed you that I had deemed it expedient to desire the Lahore Vakeel to leave my camp, in consequence of the disregard shown by his court to my political agent's remonstrance of the 15th of November, and of the determination evinced by the Durbar to withhold all explanations of their conduct.

I had moved with my camp on the 6th of December from Umballa towards Ludiana, peaceably making my progress by the route I had announced, with the intention of visiting the Sikh protected states, according to the usual custom of my predecessors.

In common with the most experienced officers of the Indian government, I was not of opinion that the Sikh army would cross the Sutlej with its infantry and artillery.

I considered it probable that some act of aggression would be committed by parties of plunderers, for the purpose of compelling the British government to interfere, to which course the Sikh chiefs knew that I was most averse; but I concurred with the commander-in-chief, and the chief secretary to the government, as well as with my political agent, Major Broadfoot, that offensive operations, on a large scale, would not be resorted to.

Exclusive of the political reasons which induced me to carry my forbearance as far as it was possible, I was confident, from the opinions given by the commander-in-chief and Major General Sir John Littler, in command of the forces at Ferozepore, that that post would resist any attack from the Sikh army as long as its provisions lasted; and that I could at any time relieve it, under the ordinary circumstances of an Asiatic army making an irruption into our territories, provided it had not the means of laying siege to the fort and the entrenched camp.

Up to this period no act of aggression had been committed by the Sikh army. The Lahore government had as good a right to reinforce their bank of the river Sutlej as we had to reinforce our posts on that river.

The Sikh army had, in 1843 and 1844, moved down upon the river from Lahore, and after remaining there encamped a few weeks, had returned to the capital. These reasons, and above all, my extreme anxiety to avoid hostilities, induced me not to make any hasty movement with our army, which, when the two armies came into each other's presence, might bring about a collision.

The army had, however, been ordered to be in readiness to move at the shortest notice; and, on the 7th and 8th of December, when I heard from Lahore that preparations were making, on a large scale, for artillery stores and all the munitions of war, I wrote to the commander-in-chief, directing his excellency, on the 11th, to move up the force from Umballa, from Meerut, and from other stations in the rear.

Up to this time, no infantry or artillery had been reported to have left Lahore, nor had a single Sikh soldier crossed the Sutlej. Nevertheless, I considered it prudent no longer to delay the forward movement of our troops, having given to the Lahore government the most ample time for a reply to our remonstrance.

On the 9th, at night, Captain Nicolson, the assistant political agent at Ferozepore, reported that a portion of the Sikh army had approached within three miles of the river. On the other hand, the information received by Major Broadfoot, on that day, from Lahore, was not of a character to make it probable that any Sikh movement on a large scale was meditated.

On the 10th intelligence was received from Lahore confirmatory of Captain Nicolson's report, and the usual opinion continued to prevail that the Sikh army would not cross the Sutlej.

The troops, however, moved on the 10th, 11th, and 12th, in pursuance of the orders given on the 7th and 8th; and the whole of the forces, destined to move up to the Sutlej, were in full march on the 12th.

I did not consider the force moving up from Umballa to be sufficient to force its way to relieve Ferozepore, if a large Sikh army, with a numerous and well served park of artillery, should attempt to intercept it in its approach to Ferozepore, as, in such case, it could with difficulty receive any aid from that gar-

ison. Being some days' march in advance of the commander-in-chief, I rode over to Ludiana; and having inspected the fort, the cantonments, and the troops, it appeared to me most advisable that the whole of this force should be moved up with the Umballa force, restricting the defence of Ludiana to the fort, which could be securely garrisoned by the more infirm soldiers of the regiments at that post, unless attacked by heavy artillery, which was a very improbable contingency.

The risk to be incurred of leaving the town and the cantonments liable to be plundered, was maturely considered, and I had no hesitation in incurring that risk to ensure the strength and sufficiency of the force which might separately be brought into action with the whole of the Sikh army. I therefore ordered Brigadier Wheeler to be prepared to march at the shortest notice.

The Umballa force, in March, was 7,500 men, and 36 guns.

Ludiana force amounted to 5,000 men, and 12 guns.

The commander-in-chief concurred in these views; and his fine body of men, by a rapid march on Bussean, an important point where the roads leading from Umballa and Karnaul meet, formed the advanced column of the army, and secured the supplies which had been laid in at Bussean.

Up to the morning of the 13th, the information from Lahore had not materially varied; but, by the reports received on that day, the general aspect of affairs appeared more warlike. Still, no Sikh aggression had been committed, and no artillery had moved down to the river.

On the 13th I first received precise information that the Sikh army had crossed the Sutlej, and was concentrating in great force on the left bank of the river.

The Umballa force, at this time, had been in movement three days. On this date I issued the proclamation, a copy of which is enclosed.

On the 14th the British forces moved up by double marches on alternate days, and on the 15th reached Moodkee, twenty miles from Ferozepore, after a march of 21 miles.

On this day, and on this place, the whole British force was concentrated, with the exception of two European, and two native regiments, expected on the following day.

The troops were engaged in cooking their meals, when Major Broadfoot received information that the Sikh army was in full march with the intention to surprise the camp. The troops immediately stood to their arms and advanced. The result of that short but decisive action was the signal defeat of the enemy at every point, and the capture of 17 guns, the details of which are given in the report of the commander-in-chief herewith sent. The troops returned to their camp at midnight, and halted the 19th and 20th to refresh the men, to collect the wounded, and bring in the captured guns.

There was no objection to this delay, as it was evident, from the preparations and movements of the Sikh army, that its commander was intent upon intercepting the relieving force, and had no intention of risking an attack against Ferozepore.

On the 21st the commander-in-chief, having left the baggage of the army, the wounded, and the captured guns at Moodkee, protected by two regiments of native infantry, marched at four o'clock in the morning by his left, keeping about three or four miles from the enemy's entrenched position at Ferozeshah, in which the enemy had placed 103 pieces of cannon, protected by breastworks.

A communication had been made during the preceding night with Sir John Littler, informing him of the intended line of march, and desiring him to move out with such part of his force as would not compromise the safety of his troops and the post.

At half-past one o'clock the Umballa force, having marched across the country, disencumbered of every description of baggage, except the reserve ammunition, formed its junction with Sir John Littler's force, who had moved out of Ferozepore with 5,000 men, two regiments of cavalry, and 21 field guns.

This combined operation having been effected, the commander-in-chief, with my entire concurrence, made his arrangement for the attack of the enemy's position at Ferozeshah, about four miles distant from the point where our forces had united.

The British force consisted of 16,700 men, and 69 guns, chiefly Horse Artillery.

The Sikh forces varied from 48,000 to 60,000 men, with 108 pieces of cannon of heavy calibre, in fixed batteries.

You will observe that every soldier who could be brought into our ranks, had, by these combinations, from Umballa and Ludiana to Ferozepore, been rendered available; that the force was most efficient, and, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground, intersected with jungle, the vast superiority of the enemy's well-served artillery, and the breastworks behind which their infantry fought, that our British force, particularly our infantry, surmounted every obstacle, capturing that evening and the following morning 70 pieces of artillery, and the whole of the enemy's camp equipage and military stores.

Upward of Four Hundred Lives Lost.—Accounts have been received of the loss of the emigrant ship *Cataraque*. The vessel left Liverpool in April last with 369 emigrants on board, and a crew of 46, for Van Dieman's Land. In August she reached Bass's Straits, and on the 4th of that month struck on a reef off King's Island. Nearly one-half of the passengers were drowned below. About 200 reached the deck and clung to the ship, but the severity of the weather caused her to go pieces. Only nine of all on board survived. The ship was out of her reckoning.

Mr Dickens is said to have resigned the active political editorship of the *Daily News*, but continues a literary contributor. There has been a suit, we are told, between him and Douglas Jerrold, the latter, with perhaps a just estimate of its merits, wishing the paper to be sold at 2d.; the former indignantly protesting against being connected with any two-penny half-penny publication. An opposition is consequently threatened.

The navy estimates for 1846-7 amount to £7,176,953, an increase of £533,233 compared with last year. Of this, the sum of £5,324,563 is for the effective service.

A great sensation is said to have been excited at Paris, by the extraordinary phenomenon of a young girl, from Normandy, who possesses the electric power of the torpedo. M. Arago has made several proofs of this singular quality.

The operations of the Bank of France last year amounted to 1,489,907,000 francs, the highest amount they have yet attained.

A law for according an extraordinary vote of 25,000,000 francs to Algiers has been presented to the Chamber by the Minister of War. The cost of this colony in treasure and blood is enormous.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

IT The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Dec. 5, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to add my testimony to the host of others that you have, in favour of your valuable Pills. In the year 1838, I was attacked with that disagreeable complaint, the DYSPEPSIA, which so affected me that I could not take the least particle of food, without the most unpleasant and uncomfortable sensations in my chest, head, and bowels. My chest was so sore that I could not bear the slightest pressure without giving me pain. My health was most miserable; many physicians told me they thought I was in the Consumption, and that if I did not give up my business, and change climate, I could live but a short time.

I tried every thing in the shape of medicine, and consulted the most skilful physicians, but found no permanent relief. I became discouraged, gloomy, sad, and sick of life; and, probably, ere this, should have been in my grave, had I not felt in with your precious medicine. A friend of mine, who had been sick of the same complaint, advised me to try your Pills; but, having tried most other medicines without obtaining any relief, had but little faith that your Pills would be of benefit to me; but, at his earnest solicitation, I procured a box and commenced taking them.

The first box produced little or no effect, and I began to despond, for fear that your medicine would prove like others I have taken; but my friends argued that one was not a fair trial, and I purchased a second, and before I had taken the whole box I began to experience a change; the pain in my chest began to be less painful, and my food did not distress me as much as formerly. I went on taking them until I had taken six boxes, and my Dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished, and I felt like a "new creature." I was then, and am now, a healthy man. I have never since been troubled with the Dyspepsia. I have administered your Pills to the members of my family, and to my friends, and in all cases with good success. You can publish this if it will be of any use to you.—I am, dear sir, truly yours,

J. I. COOK, Publisher of the State Banner.

CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemic or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame; it cannot be materially affected by epidemic or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

HOW TO GET HEALTH.—Thousands of persons continue to cure themselves of Colds, Coughs, Headaches, Rheumatic Affections, Small Pox, Measles, Croup, Influenza, and the host of those indications of the body of the blood being out of order, simply by perseveringly using BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, so long as any symptoms of derangement in any organ remain. Often, by adopting this course, which experience has proved according to Nature, it being merely assisting her, have many in a few days been restored to health, who, but for Brandreth's Pills had been sick for months. The value of this medicine is beyond price.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are entirely Vegetable and made on those principles which long experience has proved correct. It is now no speculation, when they are resorted to in sickness, for they are known to be the best cleansers of the stomach and bowels, and in all dyspeptic and bilious cases they are a great blessing. Let every family keep these PILLS in the house. If faithfully used when there is occasion for medicine, it will be very seldom that a Doctor will be required. In all cases of cold, cough, or rheumatism, the afflicted owe it to their bodies to use these Pills.

HEALTH! O BLESSED HEALTH! Thou art above all gold and treasures; 'tis thou who enlarge the soul—and openeth all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to have thee not, wants every thing beside. Let us be thankful Brandreth's Pills will give us health—get then these blessed Pills, which a century's use has fully established to be the best medicine ever bestowed on man. For the prevailing colds and coughs, they will be found everything that medicine is capable of imparting.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK will be held at the CITY HOTEL, on Thursday, the 23d April. Members and their friends wishing Tickets for the dinner will please make early application to either of the Stewards, viz.:—H. Brind, 172 Pearl St., Geo. Loder, 97 Crosby St., Chas. Lowther, 402 Washington St., M. Mottram, Pearl St. (21st.

PURE BEAR'S OIL.

THE ONLY BEAUTIFIER AND PRESERVER OF THE HAIR.

The oldest writers on the subject of the hair have one and all alluded to the properties contained in genuine Bear's Grease, as a preservative and beautifier of "Nature's covering for the head."—Hippocrates, the most ancient medical writer upon this subject, says in his "Treatise on the Parts of the Human Body," "that the fat of the Ursine (Bear) is very nutritive in stimulating and preserving the roots of the hair of adults, when premature baldness occurs. The inner membranes of the flesh of the bear nearest the skin, are covered with a shining fat which forms the source from whence spring and originate the roots of the hair that covers them so profusely. This is a law of nature, and it follows that the oil produced from the fat of this animal, is very useful to the human race, in leading to the recovery of the hair when prematurely lost."

Surely no greater proof can be adduced as to the value of genuine Bear's Oil for the hair. For years, the pure article has been considered by the most eminent physicians the best remedy for dandruff, falling out or weakness of the hair, and all complaints connected therewith. Great care should be taken in all cases as to the genuineness and purity of the oil. The real article carefully purified and highly perfumed, for sale by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, and 77 East Broadway, and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 50 cents for large, and 25 cents for small bottles. (1843-44)

PATENT LAP-WELDED IRON BOILER FLUES,

14½ FEET LONG, AND 1½ INCHES TO 4 INCHES DIAMETER.

THOMAS PROSSER, Patentee.

No. 6 Liberty Street, N. York.

[167-2m*

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.**THE GREAT CURE.**

NO pain is comparable to that of the Tooth-ache. All the body may be in health; but this trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the whole frame to anguish. The great question then arises how to relieve it, and in as speedy a manner as possible. The comfort that should be sought for is the CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, a remedy that, while it removes the pain, preserves the teeth, and thus blesses as well as benefits. These drops have been extensively used, and thousands will bear grateful testimony to their value as a speedy and permanent cure for the tooth-ache. Those subject to this horrible pain, should remember that the CLOVE ANODYNE will certainly cure it in one minute, when applied to the affected nerve.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, and sold also at 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway, and sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. (1843.)

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Princip Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. (Jut-ly.)

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

At this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. claims superiority.

IT The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. (Apr.)

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,

Imported and For Sale, Wholesale and Retail,

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,"—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA OF THE "SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Fb21-4f.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.

THIS Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated Oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful Salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the Eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications.

In dimness of sight caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eye-sight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation has existed for eight years. Inflammation, and soreness caused by blows, contusions, or wounds on the Eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritating nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Price 25 cents.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers Street, (Granite Building), and 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway. And sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (1843-44)

STATE CONVENTION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ss.

WE, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the said State, having formed a Board of State Canvassers, and having in conformity to the provisions of the act entitled "An act recommending a Convention of the People of the State," passed May 13, 1845, canvassed and estimated the whole number of votes or ballots given for and against the said proposed "Convention" at a Central Election held in the said State on the fourth day of November, in the year 1845, according to the certified statements of the said votes or ballots received by the Secretary of State, in the manner directed by the said act, do hereby determine, declare and certify, that the whole number of votes or ballots given under and by virtue of the said act was two hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and seventeen; that of the said number, two hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven votes or ballots were given for the said Convention;—That of the said first mentioned number, thirty-three thousand, eight hundred and sixty votes or ballots were given against the said Convention;—And it appearing by the said canvass that a majority of the votes or ballots given as aforesaid are for a Convention, the said canvassers do farther Certify and Declare that a Convention of the people of the said State will be called accordingly; and that an election for Delegates to the said Convention will be held on the last Tuesday day of April, in the year 1846, to meet in Convention at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the first Monday in June, 1846, pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act of the Legislature.

Given under our hands at the Secretary of State's Office, in the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State,

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller,

BENJAMIN ENOS, Treasurer.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

I certify the preceding to be a true copy of an original certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, on file in this office.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, January 28th, 1846. To the Sheriff of the County of New York:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the act entitled, "An act recommending a Convention of the People of this State, passed May 13, 1845," an election will be held on the last Tuesday day of April next, in the several cities and counties of this State, to choose Delegates to the Convention to be held pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act and certificate above recited.

The number of Delegates to be chosen in the county of New York will be the same as the number of Members of Assembly from the said county. Respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. VI., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. [131]

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE, FEB.—Ryl Regt of Artill: Qrtm Sergt J White, to be qrtm, v Hendley, ret on full-pay.

WAR-OFFICE, FEB 6.—4th Drag Grds: Lt T Jones, fm the 15th Light Drags to be Lt v Souter, who exchs.—7th Drag Grds: Corn P Bunbury, to be Lt by pur v Arkwright, who rets.—N. De la Cherois, Gent to be Corr. by pur v Bunbury.—15th Light Drags: Lt R Souter, fm the 4th Drag Grds, to be Lt v Jones who exchs.—1st (the Royal) Regt of Ft: Capt W Webster, from h-p Unatt to be Capt v R Blacklin, who exchs.—45th Ft: Lt H W Parish, to be Capt by pur v Lucas, who rets; Ens F F Cave, to be Lt by pur v Parish; F R Grantham, Gent to be Ens by pur v Cave.—52d Ft: Ens H M Archdall to be Lt by pur v Hawkins, who rets; T H Vyvyan, Gent to be Ens by pur v Archdall; J H Dundas, Gent to be Assist-Surg v Skene dec.—56th Ft: Lt G W Patey, to be Capt by pur v Smith, who rets; Ens G S Hanson to be Lt by pur v Patey; W W Bassett, Gent to be Ens by pur v Hanson.—57th Ft: Lt E Stanley, to be Capt without pur v Lynch dec.—78th Ft: Assist Surg J Leitch M D fm the 94th Ft to be ass-surg v Innes, app to the 4th Drag Grds.

92 Ft.—The Hon W Charlton, to be ensign, by pur, v Carnegie app to the Grenadier Regiment of Ft Guards.—97th Ft: Lt M A Overt, to be captain, by pur, v Garforth, who rets; Ensign E D Harvest, to be Lt, by pur, v Overt; T E Jones, Gent, to be ensign, by pur, v Harvest.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lt Col H Simmonds, fm the St. Helena Regiment, to be Lt Col, v A Montessor, who rets upon half pay Unatt.—St Helena Regiment.—Lt Col J Ross, from h-p Unatt, to be Lt Col, v Simmonds, appointed to the Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Brev: Surg A R Jackson, M D, surg of the E I Com's depot at Warley, to have the local and temporary rank of staff surg of the first class while so employed Unatt: To be Capt, without p, Lt W Webster, from 1st (Ry) Regt of Ft.—Staff: Lt A G Moorhead, from 26th Ft, to be Adj of a recruiting district, v Mason, whose app has been cancl.—Hospital Staff:—Staff Assist-Surg F R Waring, to be Staff Surg of the Second Class.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE, FEB 6.—Ryl Regt of Art: Sec Capt C H Burnaby, to be Capt, v Shepherd, dec; First Lt C J Riddell, to be Sec Capt, v Burnaby; Sec Lt H Mercer, to be 1st Lt, v Riddell.—Corps of Ryl Eng:—Maj-Gen E W Darnford, to be Col Commandant, v Sir F W Mulcaster, dec.

WAR OFFICE, FEB. 13.—2d Regt of Life Grds.—Cor and Sub-Lt H S Lumley to be Lt by pur v Lucas who rets; H. Johnston Gent to be cor and sub Lt by pur v Lumley. 3d Ft.—Capt E. Stephenson fm h-p unatt to be Capt v P; Dore who ex; Lt H P. Chamberlain to be Capt by pur v Stephenson who rets. Ens A Fitzgerald to be Lt by pur v Chamberlain; Gent Cadet Cr Taylor from the Ryl Mil Col to be Ens by pur v Fitzgerald. 4th Ft.—Gen Sir T Bradford G C B., fm the 39th Ft to be Col v Gen J. Hodgson deceased. 5th Ft.—L. Fitzgerald Gent to be sec Lt by pur v Chandler prom to the 80th Ft. 30th Ft.—Mjr-Gen George Marquis of Tweeddale, K T., to be Col v Sir T. Bradford, app to the 4th Ft. 32d Ft.—Ens H. J. Davies to be Lt by pur vice Townsend, who rets; M. Turner Gent to be Ens by pur v Davies.

49th Ft.—Lt D Seton from the 93d Ft to be Lt, v Ross who exch. 80th Ft.—Sec Lt W H Candler, from the 5th Ft to be Lt by pur, v Riley prom. 89th Ft.—Brevet Major W Hope, from half pay unatt. to be capt, v H Wynyard, who exchanges: Lt A Crawford to be capt by pur, v Hope who ret; Ens C Richardson, to be Lt by p-r, v Crawford. 93d Ft.—Lt R L Ross from the 49th Foot to be Lt, v D Seton who exchs. 94th Ft.—Assist Surg J D Grant from the staff to be assist Surg v Leitch appointed to the 78th Ft. Garrisons.—Brevet Col the Hon G Cathcart on h-p unattached, to be deputy Lt of the Tower of London, v Col J. Garwood deceased. Brevet.—Capt E Stephenson of the 3d Foot, to be maj in the army.

War Office, Feb. 20.—1st Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards.—Captain the Hon C H Lindsay, from the 43d Foot to be lieutenant and captain vice Coulson who exchanges. 37th Regiment of Foot.—Lieut E D Atkinson, to be captain by purchase, vice Cassan, who retires; Ensign A B Cator, to be lieutenant by purchase, vice Atkinson; C S Blois, Gent to be ensign by purchase vice Cator. 43d Foot.—Lieutenant and Captain R B Coulson, from the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, to be captain, vice the Hon C H Lindsay, who exchanges. 77th Foot.—Assistant Surgeon W Barrett, M D from the staff, to be assistant-surgeon, vice M'Ilree promoted.—89th Foot.—E J Head, Gent to be ensign by purchase, vice Richardson promoted.

War-office, Feb. 27.—Lt A Helyer, to be captain, by purchase, v Grassett, who retires: Cornet Sir W Russell, Bart, to be lieutenant by purchase, vice Helyer; W D Bushe, Gent, to be cornet by purchase, vice Sir W Russell. 6th Regiment of Foot.—J R Blake, Gent, to be ensign by purchase, vice Standish, who retires. 7th Foot.—Lt J King, from the 2d Foot, to be Lt vice J D Dickinson, who retires on h-p pay 2d Ft; Ens R C Stanhope, from the 56th Ft, to be Lt by purchase, v Lord Langford, who retires.

44th Foot.—Lt R Fielden, to be captain, by pur, v Turner, who retires; Ens the Hon C W Agar, to be lieutenant, by pur, v Fielden; R Preston, Gent, to be ensign, by pur, v Agar. 48th Foot.—Gentleman Cadet C J O Swaffield, from the Royal Military College, to be ensign, without pur, v Gubbins, appointed to the 83th Foot. 55th Foot.—Maj-Gen A G Lord Saltoun, K C B, to be colonel, v Gen Sir W H Clinton, G C B, deceased. 56th Foot.—F H Sykes, Gent, to be ensign, by pur, v Stanhope, promoted in the 7th Foot.

80th Foot.—Gentleman Cadet the Hon J H M Browne, from the Royal Military College, to be ensign, without purchase, vice Fraser, deceased. 85th Foot.—Lieut A Patterson, to be captain, without purchase, vice Coape, deceased; Ensign C Warburton, to be lieutenant, vice Patterson; Ensign J Gubbins, from the 48th Foot, to be ensign, vice Warburton.

Unattached.—Lieut H Reynolds, from the 2d Foot, to be captain, without purchase.

Garrisons.—General Sir G Anson, G C B, to be lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital, vice General Sir W H Clinton, G C B, deceased.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the choicest Wines and Liquors of the Season, and the cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest Wines and Liquors. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My31-11.

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LIFE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

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The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

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The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the Loan Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal; and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be PAID IN CASH if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY effecting LIFE INSURANCE in New York.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

(Sept. 6.)

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or moles seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-14.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c., FOR 1845,

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane.

FALLO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c., CANADA, in 2½ to 3 days. THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Western Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid, W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., corner Maiden Lane.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS,

MINIATURE PAINTER.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, JR.,

ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec. 6-14.]

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties, also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c.; Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices. Ap. 30 14.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My31-14.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
H. JESSOP, 91 John-st.
June 8.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.
ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.
SIDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.

FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen, Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11
JOHN R. SKIDBY, Wm. Skiddy, Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11
STEPHEN WHITNEY, Thompson, Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11
VIRGINIAN, C. A. Heine, Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11

The Captains and owners of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.
Ashburton, H. Hattleston, Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6, Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry, J. C. Delano, Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6, Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence, F. P. Allen, Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6, April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay, Ezra Nye, April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6, May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My24-1f.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

| Ships. | Captains. | From New York. | From Portsmouth. |
|-----------------|----------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| St. James | R. R. Meyers | Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1 | Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20 |
| Northumberland | R. H. Griswold | 10, 10, 10 | 10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1 |
| Gladstone | R. L. Bunting | 20, 20, 20 | 10, 10, 10 |
| Mediator | J. M. Chadwick | Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1 | 10, 10, 10 |
| Switzerland | G. Knight | 10, 10, 10 | 10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1 |
| Quebec | F. B. Hebard | 20, 20, 20 | 10, 10, 10 |
| Victoria | E. E. Morgan | March 1, July 1, Nov. 1 | 20, 20, 20 |
| Wellington | D. Chadwick | 10, 10, 10 | 10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1 |
| Headrick Hudson | G. Moore | 30, 30, 30 | 10, 10, 10 |
| Prince Albert | W. S. Sobor | April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1 | 30, 30, 30 |
| Toronto | E. G. Tinker | 10, 10, 10 | 10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 |
| Westminster | Hovey | 20, 20, 20 | 10, 10, 10 |

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the Captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed herefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

| Ships. | Masters. | Days of Sailing from New York. | Days of Sailing from Liverpool. |
|---------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Cambridge, England, | W. C. Barstow, | June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 | July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 |
| London, | S. Bartlett, | June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16 | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 |
| Montezuma, (new) | J. Rathbone, | July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 | Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 |
| Europe, | A. W. Lowber, | July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 |
| New York, | A. G. Furber, | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 | Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 |
| Columbus, | Thos. B. Cropper, | Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 | Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1 |
| Yorkshire, (new) | G. A. Cole, | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 | Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16 |
| | D. G. Bailey, | Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 | Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1 |

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 36 Burling-shp, N. Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

This medicine has in many thousand instances brought health and returning vigor to the weak and languid frame. Its operation extends itself to the remotest transactions of the general system, and consists in removing diseased action in the absorbing and secreting vessels.

The blood contains the elements of the whole animal structure—flesh and fibre, glands, muscles, tendons, the nails, the hair, and even the bones themselves, are all sustained by the blood. Well, then, may it be called the stream of life. In proportion to the purity of fluid will be that of the substance into which it is continually changing. Corrupt blood instead of producing healthy flesh, is likely enough to develop sores and ulcers. When these appear, whether in the specific form of Scrofula, in all its multifarious and disgusting shapes, or eruptions in all their ungiving variety, rheumatism, bilious disorders, general relaxation and debility, and a host of complaints arising from disordered secretions, there is no detergent, it is believed, that will so rapidly neutralize the virus in the blood from which they spring and effect a radical cure as this preparation.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha:—

BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands:—I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of Scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

REV. WM. GALUSHA.

New-York, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate, or one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.—Yours very truly,

SARAH MCINTYRE, 240 Delancy-st., N. York.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J19-1f.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed) S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents:—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully,

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public—I remain,

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.

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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY
G. J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is ununsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. T. J. WILLISTON, Nov 5-ly, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

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